

THE

1507/593.

NON-JUROR,

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

*—Pulchra Laverna
Da mihi fallere; da Justum, Sanctumque videri,
Noctem Peccatis, & Fraudibus objice Nubem.*

L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.XXXVI.



NON
COMEDY.
THEATRE-ROYAL

Written by COLLEY CLEVER, Esq.

LONDON.

Printed by J. JOHNSON, in Pall-mall.



TO THE
K I N G.

S I R,

IN a Time, when all Communities congratulate Your MAJESTY on the *Glories* of your Reign, which are continually rising from the *Prosperities* of Your People ; be graciously pleas'd, *Dread Sir*, to permit the lowest of your Subjects from the *Theatre*, to take this Occasion of offering their most Humble Acknowledgments for Your Royal Favour and Protection.

YOUR Comedians, SIR, are an Unhappy Society, whom some Severe Heads think wholly Useless, and others dangerous to the Young and Innocent : This Comedy is there-

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fore an Attempt to remove that Prejudice, and to shew, what Honest and Laudable Uses may be made of the *Theatre*, when its Performances keep close to the true Purposes of its Institution: That it may be necessary to divert the Sullen and Disaffected from busying their Brains to disturb the Happiness of a Government, which (for want of proper Amusements) they often enter into Wild and Seditious Schemes to reform: And that it may likewise make those very Follies the Ridicule and Diversion even of those that committed them. Our Labours have at least this Glory to boast, That since Plays were first Exhibited in *England*, they were never totally suppress'd, but by those very People, that turn'd our *Church*, and *Constitution*, into *Irreligion* and *Anarchy*.

Of all Errors, those that are the Effect of *Superstition* make us naturally most obstinate; it is therefore no wonder, that the Blinded Profelytes of our Few Non-juring Clergy, are so hard to be recover'd by the clearest Evidences of Sense and Reason. But when a *Principle* is once made truly *Ridiculous*, it is not in the power of Human Nature not to be *asham'd* of it. From which Reflection, I was first determin'd to attack those *lurking* Enemies of our Constitution from the Stage: And, though my Success has far exceeded my Expectation, yet I grieve,

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grieve, when I (perhaps with Vanity) imagine it might have had thrice the good Effect on the Minds of your MAJESTY's People, were it not under the *Misfortune* of being written by a *Comedian*. I am therefore in some Terror, notwithstanding its Publick Applause, to reflect how far Your MAJESTY, in Your Wisdom, may think it proper to with-hold Your Pardon for the Unlicensed Boldness of my Undertaking. I am sensible it may be justly urg'd against me, That even *Truth* and *Loyalty* might have lost their Lustre, by appearing reduc'd to want the Defence of so inconsiderable a Champion: But, as I never believ'd the best Play could be supported in an Ill Cause; so was I assur'd the worst might pass, with Favour, in a Good one. And though my Duty and Concern has made me more careful in the Conduct of this, than any of my former Endeavours; I am convinc'd, that what may have been extraordinary in the Success of it, is utterly owing to a happy Choice of the Subject: And, as its meeting no Opposition from our Publick Malecontents, seems, in some degree, an Argument of the Clear and Honest Truth of those Principles it vindicates; so may it of the equal Falshood of the Rebellious and Unchristian Tenets it exposes. Nay, I have yet a farther Hope, that it has even discovered the Strength and Number of the *Misguided* to

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be much less, than may have been artfully insinuated ; there being no Assembly where People are so free, and apt to speak their Minds, as in a Crouded *Theatre* : Of which your MAJESTY may have lately seen an Instance, in the Insuppressible Acclamations that were given on Your appearing to Honour this Play with Your Royal Presence.

BUT were the Disaffected as numerous, as some Few may wish them, What Honest *Englishman* can ever think them formidable, that considers his Security in the Wisdom of Your MAJESTY's *Counsels*, and Your Heroick *Resolution* to Execute them ? And, as every Action of Your Regal Power has shewn the Nation, that Your greatest *Glory* and *Delight* is in being the *Father* of Your *People* ; so may it Convince its Enemies, that they will always find You KING of your *Subjects*.——But I am wandering into Thoughts that awe me into Silence ; and humbly beg Leave to Subscribe myself,

May it please Your MAJESTY,

Your MAJESTY's

Most Dutiful,

and most Obedient

and Servant,



COLLEY CIBBER.

PROLOGUE:

Written by N. ROWE, Esq;

TO-night, ye Whigs and Tories, both be safe,
Nor hope, at one another's Cost, to laugh:
We mean to fouse old Satan, and the Pope;
They've no Relations here, nor Friends, we hope.
A Tool of theirs supplies the Comic Stage
With just Materials for Satiric Rage:
Nor think our Colours may too strongly paint
The stiff Non-Juring Separation-Saint.
Good Breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To those who give the Nation to the Devil;
Who at our Jurest, best Foundations strike,
And hate our Monarch, and our Church alike:
Our Church,—which, aw'd with reverential Fear,
Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.
Long may She These her worst of Foes defy,
And lift her Mitred Head triumphant to the Sky:
While theirs——But Satire silently disdains
To name, what lives not, but in Madmens Brains.
Like Barwds, each lurking Pastor seeks the Dark,
And fears the Justice's enquiring Clerk.
In close back Rooms his routed Flocks he rallies,
And reigns the Patriarch of blind Lanes and Alleys.
There safe, he lets his thundring Censures fly,
Unchristens, damns us, gives our Laws the Lye,
And excommunicates three Stories high.
Why, since a Land of Liberty they hate,
Still will they linger in this Free-born State?
Here, every Hour, fresh, hateful, Objects rise,
Peace, and Prosperity afflict their Eyes:
With Anguish, Prince, and People they survey,
Their just Obedience, and His righteous Sway,
Ship off, ye Slaves, and seek some Passive Land,
Where Tyrants after your own Hearts command.
To your Transalpine Master's Rule resort,
And fill an empty abdicated Court:
Turn your Possessions here to ready Rhino,
And buy ye Lands and Lordships at Urbino.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir John Woodvil,

Mr. Mills.

Colonel Woodvil,

Mr. Booth.

Mr. Heartly,

Mr. Wilks.

Doctor Wolf,

Mr. Cibber.

Charles,

Mr. Walker.

W O M E N.

Lady Woodvil,

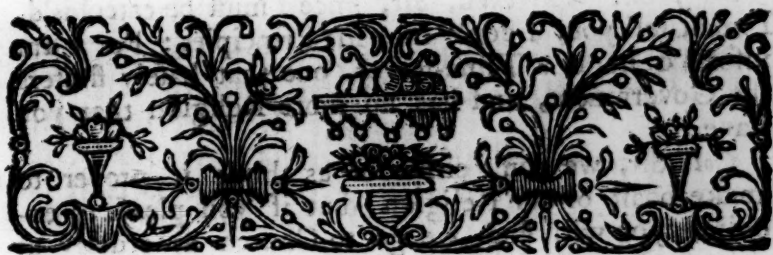
Mrs. Porter.

Maria,

Mrs. Oldfield.

The SCENE, an Anti-chamber of
Sir JOHN's House, in *London.*





THE NON-JUROR.

ACT I.

Sir John Woodvil, and the Colonel.

Col. **R**AY confider, Sir.
Sir John. So I do, Sir, that I am
her Father, and will dispose of her
as I please.

Col. I don't dispute your Authority, Sir: But as I am your Son
too, I think it my Duty to be concern'd for your Honour: Have not you countenanced his Addresses to my Sister? Has not she receiv'd them? How then is it possible, That either you or she with Honour can recede?

Sir John. Why, Sir? Suppose I was about buying a Pad-nag for your Sister, and upon Enquiry should find him not sound: Pray, Sir, would there be any great Dishonour in being off o' the Bargain?

Col. With Submission, Sir, I don't take that to be the Case. Mr. Hearnly's Birth and Fortune are too well known to you; and I dare swear he may defy the World to lay a Blemish upon his Principles.

Sir *John*. Why then, Sir, since I must be catechis'd, I must tell you, I don't like his Principles: For I am inform'd he is a Time-server, one that basely flatters the Government, and has no more Religion than you have.

Col. Sir, we don't either of us think it proper to make boast of our Religion; but if you please to enquire, you will find we go to Church as orderly as the rest of our Neighbours.

Sir *John*. Ay! to what Church!

Col.—St. *James's* Church—The establish'd Church.

Sir *John*. Establish'd Church!

Col. Sir——

Sir *John*. Nay, you need not stare, Sir; and before he values himself upon going to Church, I would first have him be sure he is a Christian.

Col. A Christian, Sir!

Sir *John*. Ay, that's my Question, Whether he is yet christned? I mean, by a Pastor, that had a Divine, Uninterrupted, Successive Right to mark him as a Sheep of the true Fold?

Col. Is it possible! Are you an *Englishman*, and offer, Sir, a Question so uncharitable, not only to him, but the whole Nation?

Sir *John*. Nay, Sir, you may give yourself what *Airs* of Amazement you please,——I won't argue with you; you are both too harden'd to be converted now: but since you think it your Duty, as a Son, to be concerned for my Errors, I think it as much mine, as a Father, to be concerned for yours——I'll only tell you of them, if you think fit to mend them——so——if not——take the Consequence.

Col. [*aside*] O! give me Temper, Heaven! this vile non-juring Zealot! what poisonous Principles has he swell'd him with!——Well, Sir, since you don't think it proper to argue upon this Subject, I'll wave it too: But if I may ask it without Offence, Are these your only Reasons for discountenancing Mr. *Heartly's* Addresses to my Sister?

Sir *John*. These! are they not flagrant! would you have me marry my Daughter to a *Whig*! for so he is
and



and all of you, till you are regularly Christians. In short, Son, expect to inherit no Estate of mine, unless you resolve to come into the Pale of the Church, of which I profess myself a Member.

Col. I thought I always was, Sir, and hope I am so still, unless you have lately been converted to the Roman.

Sir John. No, Sir, I abhor the Thoughts on't ; and protest against their Errors as much as you do.

Col. If so, Sir, where's our Difference?

Sir John. Difference! 'twould make you tremble, Sir, to know it! but since 'tis fit you should know it, look there——[Gives him a Book] read that, and be reform'd.

Col. What's here? [Reads] *The Case of Schism, &c.* Thank you, Sir; I have seen enough of this in the *Daily Courant*, to be sorry it's in any hands, but those of the common Hangman.

Sir John. Prophanation!

Col. And though I always honour'd your Concern for the Church's Welfare, I little thought 'twas for a Church that is establish'd nowhere.

Sir John. O! Perverseness! but there is no better to be expected from your Course of Life: This is all the Effects of your modern Loyalty, your Conversation at *Button's*. Will you never leave that foul Nest of Heresy and Schism?

Col. Yes, Sir, when I see any thing like it there; and should think myself obliged to retire, where such Principles were started——I own I use the Place, because I generally meet there instructive or diverting Company.

Sir John. Yes, fine Company indeed, *Arians*, Party-Poets, Players, and Presbyterians.

Col. That's a very unusual Mixture, Sir; but if a Man entertains me innocently, am I oblig'd to enquire into his Profession, or Principles? Would it not be ridiculous for a Protestant that loves Musick, to refuse going to the *Opera*, because most of the Performers are Papists? But, Sir, this seems foreign to my Business; Mr. *Heartly* intends this Morning to pay his Respects to you,

you, in hopes to obtain your final Consent; and desired me to be present, as a Mediator of Articles between you.

Sir John. I am glad to hear it.

Col. That's kind indeed, Sir.

Sir John. May be not, Sir——for I will not be at home when he comes.

Col. Nay, pray, Sir, 'twill be but Civility, at least, to hear him.

Sir John. And because I won't tell a Lye for the matter, I'll go out this Moment.

Col. Good Sir.

Sir John. But because I won't deceive him neither, tell him, I would not have him lose his Time, in fooling after your Sister—— In short, I have another Man in my head for her. [Exit Sir John.

Col. Another Man! 'twould be worth one's while to know him——Pray Heaven this non-juring Hypocrite has not got some beggarly Traitor in his Eye for her—— I must rid the House of him at any rate, or all the Settlement I can hope from my Father is a Castle in the Air; nor can indeed his Life be safe, while such a Villain makes it an Act of Conscience to endanger it: If his Eyes are not soon open'd against him, the Crown's more likely to inherit his Estate, than I am; and tho' the Government has been very favourable upon those Occasions, it is but a melancholy Business to petition for what might have been one's Birthright. My Sister may be ruin'd too——Here she comes; if there be another Man in the Case, she no doubt can let me into the Secret.

Enter Maria.

Sister, Good-morrow——I want to speak with you.

Mar. Nay, but prithee, Brother, don't put on that wise politick Face then: Why you look as if the Minority had like to have carried a Question.

Col. Come, come, a Truce with your Raillery; what I have to ask of you is serious, and I beg you would be so in your Answer.

Mar. Well then, provided it is not upon the Subject of Love, I will be so—but make haste too——
for I have not had my Tea yet.

Col.

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Col. Why it is, and is not upon that Subject.

Mar. O! I love a Riddle dearly—— come——let's hear it.

Col. Nay, pish——if you will be serious, say so.

Mar. O Lord! Sir, I beg your Pardon——there——there's my whole Form and Features totally disengaged, and lifeless at your Service; now put them in what Posture of Attention you think.

[She leans against him, with her Arms awkwardly falling to her Knees.]

Col. Was there ever such a giddy Devil!—— prithee stand up. I have been talking with my Father, and he declares positively you shall not receive any farther Addresses from Mr. *Heartly*.

Mar. Are you serious?

Col. He said it this Minute, and with some Warmth too.

Mar. I am glad on't with all my heart.

Col. How! glad!

Mar. To a Degree: Do you think a Man has any more Charms for me for my Father's liking him? No, Sir, if Mr. *Heartly* can make his Way to me now, he is oblig'd to me only: Besides, now it may have the Face of an Amour indeed: Now one has something to struggle for; there's Difficulty, there's Danger, there's the dear Spirit of Contradiction in it too. O, I like it mightily.

Col. I am glad this does not make you think the worse of *Heartly*——but however, a Father's Consent might have clapt a Pair of Horses more to your Coach perhaps, and the want of that may pinch your Fortune.

Mar. Burn Fortune; am not I a fine Woman? And have not I above 5000*l.* in my own Hands?

Col. Yes, Sister, but with all your Charms, you have had it in your Hands almost these four Years; pray consider that too.

Mar. Pshah! and have not I had the full Swing of my own Airs and Humours these four Years? But if I'll humour my Father, I'll warrant he'll make it three or four Thousand more, with some unlick'd Lout of a
Fellow

Fellow to snub me into the bargain: A comfortable Equivalent truly—No, no, let him light his Pipe with his Consent if he pleases. Wilful against Wife for a Wager.

Col. Well said; nothing goes to your Heart, I find.

Mar. No, no, Brother; the Suits of my Lovers shall not be ended, like those at Law, by dull Council on both Sides, I'll hear nothing but what the Plaintiff himself can say to me: 'twould be a pretty thing indeed, to confine my Airs to the Directions of a Solicitor, to look kind, or cruel, only as the Jointure propos'd, is, or is not, equal to the Fortune my Father designs me. What do you think I'll have my Features put into the *Gazette* to be dispos'd of, like a parcel of dirty Acres, by an old Master in Chancery to the fairest Bidder? No, if I must have an ill Match, I'll have the Pleasure of playing my own Game at least,

Col. There spoke the Spirit of a free-born *English Woman*.—Well, I am glad you are not startled at the first Part of my News, however; but farther——Pray, Sister, has my Father ever propos'd any other Man to you?

Mar. Another Man! let me know why you ask, and I'll tell you.

Col. Why the last Words he said to me, were, that he had another Man in his Head for you.

Mar. And who is it? who is it? tell me, dear Brother, quickly.

Col. Why, you don't so much as seem surpriz'd at it!

Mar. No, but impatient, and that's as well you know.

Col. Why how now, Sister? [*Gravely.*]

Mar. Why sure, Brother, you know very little of Female Happiness, if you suppose the Surprise of a new Lover ought to shock a Woman of my Temper, —don't you know that I am a *Coquette*?

Col. If you are, you are the first that ever was sincere enough to own her being so.

Mar. To a Lover, I grant you; but I make no more of you than a Sister, I can say any thing to you.

Col. I should have been better pleas'd if you had not own'd it to me——it's a hateful Character.

Mar.

Mar. Ay, it's no matter for that, it's violently pleasant, and there's no Law against it, that I know of. You had best advise your Friend *Heartly* to bring in a Bill to prevent it: All the discarded Toasts, Prudes, and superannuated Virgins would give him their Interest, I dare swear: Take my Word, Coquetry has govern'd the World from the Beginning, and will do so to the End on't.

Col. *Heartly's* like to have a hopeful Time on't with you.

Mar. Well, but don't you really know who it is my Father intends me?

Col. Not I really, but I imagin'd you might, and therefore thought to advise with you about it.

Mar. Nay, he has not open'd his Lips to me yet—Are you sure he is gone out?

Col. You are very impatient to know, methinks: What have you to do to concern yourself about any Man but *Heartly*?

Mar. O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! don't be so wise, prithee Brother: Why if you had an empty House to let, would you be displeas'd to hear there were two People about it? Can any Woman think herself happy, that's oblig'd to marry only with *Hobson's Choice*? No, don't think to rob me of so innocent a Vanity; for believe me, Brother, there is no Fellow upon Earth, how disagreeable soever, but in the long Run of his Addresses will utter something, at least, that's worth a poor Woman's hearing. Besides, to be a little serious, *Heartly* has a Tincture of Jealousy in his Temper, which nothing but a substantial Rival can cure him of.

Col. O your Servant, Madam, now you talk Reason; I am glad you are concern'd enough for *Heartly's* Faults, to think them worth your mending—Ha! ha!

Mar. Concern'd! Why did I say that—look you, I'll deny it all to him——Well, if ever I am serious with you again——

Col. Here he comes; be as merry with him as you please.

Mar. Pshaw!

Enter

Enter Heartly. Maria takes a Book from the Table, and reads.

Heart. Dear Colonel, your Servant.

Col. I am glad you did not come sooner, for in the Humour my Father left me, 'twould not have been a proper Time to have press'd your Affair—I touch'd upon't—but—I'll tell you more presently; in the mean time lose no Ground with my Sister.

Heart. I shall always think myself oblig'd to your Friendship, let my Success be what it will.—Madam—your most o edient—What have you got there, pray?

Mar. [*Repeating.*]

“ Her lively Looks a sprightly Mind disclose,

“ Quick, as her Eyes, and as unfix'd as those——

Heart. Pray, Madam, what is it?

Mar. “ Favours to none, to all she Smiles extends——

Heart. Nay, I will see—— [*Struggling.*

Mar. [*Putting him by.*]

“ Oft she rejects—but never once offends.

Col. Have a care, she has dipt into her own Character, and she'll never forgive you, if you don't let her through with it.

Heart. I beg your Pardon, Madam. [*Gravely.*

Mar. “ Bright as the Sun, her Eyes the Gazers strike,

“ And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike—um—um.

Heart. That is something like indeed.

Col. You would say so, if you knew all.

Heart. All what? Pray what do you mean?

Col. Have a little Patience, I'll tell you immediately.

Heart. [*Aside.*] Confusion! some Coxcomb now has been flattering her, I'll be curst else, she's so full of her dear Self upon't.

Mar. [*Turning to Heartly.*]

“ If to her share some Female Errors fall,

“ Look on her Face——and you'll forget them all.

Is not that natural, Mr. Heartly?

Heart. For a Woman to expect, it is indeed.

Mar. And can you blame her, when 'tis at the same time a Proof of the poor Man's Passion, and her Power?

Heart. So that you think the greatest Compliment a Lover

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Lover can make his Mistress, is to give up his Reason to her!

Mar. Certainly: For what have your lordly Sex to boast of, but your Understanding? And 'till that's entirely surrender'd to her Discretion, while the least Sentiment holds out against her, a Woman must be downright vain to think her Conquest compleated.

Heart. There we differ, Madam; for in my Opinion nothing but the most excessive Vanity could value or desire such a Conquest.

Mar. O! d'ye hear him, Brother? The Creature reasons with me! Nay, has the frontless Folly to think me in the wrong too! O Lud! he'd make a horrid Tyrant — positively I won't have him.

Heart. Well, my Comfort is, no other Man will easily know whether you'll have him or not.

Mar. [*Affectedly smiling*] Am not I a horrid, vain, silly Creature, Mr. *Heartly*?

Heart. A little bordering upon the Baby, I must own.

Mar. Laud! how can you love one so then? But I don't think you love me though—do you?

Heart. Yes, faith, I do, and so shamefully, that I am in hopes you doubt it.

Mar. Poor Man! he'd fain bring me to Reason. [*Smiling in his Face.*]

Heart. I would indeed, nor am ashamed to own it—nay, were it but possible to make you serious only when you should be so, you would be the most perfect Creature of your Sex.

Mar. O Lud! he's civil—

Heart. Come, come, you have good Sense, use me but with that, and make me what you please.

Mar. Laud! I don't desire to make any thing of you, not I.

Heart. Don't look so cold upon me, by Heaven I can't bear it.

Mar. Well! now you are tolerable. [*Gently glancing on him.*]

Heart. Come then, be generous, and swear at least you'll never be another's.

Mar.

Mar. Ah! Lard! now you have spoil'd all again; beside, how can I be sure of that before I have seen this t'other Man, my Brother spoke to me of? [*Reads to her self again.*]

Heart. What Riddle's this? [*To the Col.*]

Col. I told you, you did not know all: To be serious, my Father went out but now, on purpose to avoid you. In short, he absolutely retracts his Promises, says he would not have you fool away your Time after my Sister, and in plain Terms told me, he had another Man in his Head for her.

Heart. Another Man! Confusion! who! what is he? did not he name him?

Col. No, nor has he yet spoke of him to my Sister.

Heart. This is unaccountable——What can have given him this sudden turn?

Col. Some Whim our Conscientious Doctor has put in his Head, I'll lay my Life.

Heart. He! He can't be such a Villain, he professes a Friendship for me.

Col. So much the worse: By the way, I am now upon the scent of a Secret, that I hope shortly will prove him a Rogue to the whole Nation.

Heart. You amaze me——But on what Pretence, what Ground, what Reason, what Interest can he have to oppose me? ——— This Shock is insupportable.

[*He stands fix'd and mute.*]

Col. (*Aside to Maria.*) Are you really as unconcern'd now as you seem to be?

Mar. Thou art a strange Dunce, Brother, thou knowest no more of Love, than I do of a Regiment——You shall see now how I'll comfort him ———

[*She goes to Heartly——mimicks his Posture, and Uneasiness, then looks seriously in his Face, and blurs into a Laugh.*]

Heart. I don't wonder at your good Humour, Madam, when you have so substantial an Opportunity to make me uneasy for Life.

Mar. Olud! how wise he is? Well! his Reproaches have that Greatness of Soul——the Confusion they give one is insupportable——Betty, is the Tea ready?

Enter

Enter Betty.

Bet. Yes, Madam.

Mar. Mr. Heartly, your Servant.

[*Exit.*

Col. So, so, you have made a fine Spot of Work on't indeed.

Heart. Dear *Tom*, you'll pardon me, if I speak a little freely: I own the Levity of her Behaviour, at this time, gives me harder Thoughts, than I once believ'd it possible to have of her.

Col. Indeed, my Friend, you mistake her.

Heart. O pardon me, had she any real Concern for me, the Apprehension of a Man's Addresses, whom yet she never saw, must have alarm'd her to be something more than serious.

Col. Not at all, for (let this Man be who he will) I take all this Levity, as a Proof of her Resolution to have nothing to say to him.

Heart. And pray Sir, may I not as well suspect, that this artful Delay of her Good-nature to me now, is meant as a provisional Defence, against my Reproaches, in case, when she has seen this Man, she should think it convenient to prefer him to me?

Col. No, no, she's giddy, but not capable of so serious a Falshood.

Heart. It's a sign you don't judge her with a Lover's Eye.

Col. No; but as a stander-by, I often see more of the Game than you do: Don't you know that she is naturally Coquette? And a Coquette's Play with a serious Lover, is like a Back-game at Tables, all open at first; she'll make you twenty Blots—and you—spare none, take them All up, to be sure, while she—gains Points upon you: So that when you eagerly expect to end the Game on your side, slap—as you were, she whips up your Man, she's fortified, and you are in a worse Condition, than when you begun with her—Upon which, you know of course, you curse your Fortune, and she laughs at you.

Heart. Faith you judge it rightly—I have always found it so.

Col. In short, you are in haste to be up, and she's resolv'd

resolv'd to make you play out the Game at her leisure ; you play for the fair Stake, and she for Victory.

Heart. But still, what could she mean by going away so abruptly ?

Col. You grew too serious for her.

Heart. Why, who could bear such Trifling ?

Col. You should have laugh'd at her.

Heart. I can't love at that easy rate.

Col. No ——— If you could, the Uneasiness would lie on her side.

Heart. Do you then really think she has any thing in her Heart for me ?

Col. Ay, marry Sir ——— Ah ! if you could but get her to own that seriously now ——— Lord ! how you could love her !

Heart. And so I could, by Heaven !

[eagerly embracing him.]

Col. Ay, but 'tis not the Nature of the Creature, you must take her upon her own Terms ; tho' faith I thought she own'd a great deal to you but now : Did not you observe, when you were impatient, with what a conscious Vanity she cry'd ——— Now you are tolerable ?

Heart. Nay, the Devil can be agreeable when she pleases.

Col. Well, well, I'll undertake for her ; if my Father don't stand in your way, we are well enough, and I don't question, but the Alarm he has given us, like his other politick Projects, will end all *in Fumo*.

Heart. What says my Lady ? you don't think she's against us.

Col. I dare swear she is not, she's of so soft, so sweet a Disposition, that even Provocation can't make her your Enemy.

Heart. How came so fine a Creature to marry your Father, with such a vast inequality of Years ?

Col. Want of Fortune, *Frank.* She was poor and beautiful ; he rich and amorous ——— She made him happy, and he her ———

Heart. A Lady.

Col. And a Jointure ——— Now she's the only one in the Family, that has Power with our precise Doctor, and I dare

dare engage she'll use it with him, to persuade my Father from any thing that's against your Interest. By the way you must know, I have some shrewd Suspicions, that this sanctify'd Rogue is carnally in love with her.

Heart. O the liquorish Rascal !

Col. You shall judge by the Symptoms: First, he's jealous of every Male Thing that comes near her; and under a friendly Pretence of guarding my Father's Honour, has persuaded him to abolish her Assemblies: Nay, at the last Masquerade this conscientious Spy (unknown to her) was eternally at her Elbow, in the Habit of a Cardinal. At Dinner he never fails to sit next her, and will eat nothing but what she helps him; always takes her side in Argument, and when he bows after Grace, constantly ogles her; bids my Sister, if she would look lovely, learn to dress by her; and, at the Tea-Table, I have seen the impudent Goat most lasciviously sip off her leavings. She lost one of her Slippers t'other day, (by the way she has a mighty pretty Foot) and what do you think was become of it?

Heart. You puzzle me.

Col. I-gad, this love-sick Monkey had stole it for a private Play-thing, and one of the House-maids, when she clean'd his Study, found it there with one of her old Gloves in the middle of it.

Heart. A very proper Relique to put him in mind of his Devotions to *Venus*.

Col. But mum! here he comes.

Enter Doctor Wolf, and Charles.

Doct. *Charles*, step into my Study, and bring down half a Dozen more of those Manual Devotions that I compos'd for the Use of our Friends in Prison: and, dost thou hear? leave this Writing there, but bring me the Key, and then bid the Butler ring to Prayers—

[*Exit Charles.*

Mr. Heartly, I am your most faithful Servant, I hope you and the good Colonel will stay and join in the private Duties of the Family.

Heart. With all my heart, Sir, provided you'll do the Duty of a Subject too, and not leave out the Prayer for the Royal Family.

Doct.

Doct. The good Colonel knows, I never do omit it.

Col. Sometimes, Doctor; but I don't remember, I ever once heard you name them.

Doct. That's only to shorten the Service, lest in so large a Family, some few vain, idle Souls, might think it tedious; and we ought, as it were, to allure them to what's good, by the gentlest, easiest Means we can.

Heart. How! how Doctor! Are you sure that's your only Reason for leaving their Names out?

Doct. But, pray Sir, why is Naming them so absolutely necessary? when Heaven, without it, knows the true Intention of our Hearts? — Beside, why should we, when we so easily may avoid it, give the least colour of Offence to tender Consciences?

Col. Ay! now you begin to open, Doctor—

Hear. Have a care, Sir, the Conscience that equivocates in its Devotions, must have the blackest Colour Hell can paint it with.

Col. Well said! To him, *Heartly*.

Heart. Your Conscience, I dare say, won't be easily convinc'd, while your Scruples turn to so good account in a private Family.

Doct. What, am I to be baited then—but 'twor' be always Holiday—[*Frowning.*] The Time's now yours, but mine may come.

Col. What do you mean, Sir?

Doct. Sir, I shall not explain myself, but make your best of what I've said. I'm not to be intrap'd by all your servile Spies of Power — But Power, perhaps, may change its Hands, and you, e'er long, as little dare to speak your Mind as I do.

Col. [*Taking him by the Collar.*] Hark you, Sirrah! Dare you menace the Government in my hearing?

Heart. Nay, Colonel.

[*Interposing.*]

Doct. 'Tis well!

Col. Traitor! but that our Laws have Chains and Gibbets for such Villains, I'd this Moment crackle all thy Bones to Splinters.

[*Shakes him.*]

Doct. Very well! your Father, Sir, shall know my Treatment.

Heart. Nay, dear Colonel, let him go.

Col.

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Col. I ask your pardon, *Frank*, I am ashamed that such a Wretch could move me so.

Heart. Come, compose yourself.

Doct. [*Aside, and recovering himself.*] No! I'll take no Notice of it—I know he's warm and weak enough to tell this as his own Story to his Father—let him—'tis better so—'twill but confirm Sir *John* in his good Opinion of my Charity, and serve to ruin him the faster. [Exit.

Heart. Was there ever so insolent a Rascal?

Col. The Dog will one day provoke me to beat his Brains out.

Heart. Who could have believ'd such outrageous Arrogance could have lurk'd under so Lamb-like an Outside?

Col. This Fellow has the Spleen and Spirit of ten *Beckets* in him.

Heart. What the Devil is he? whence came he? what's his Original? Is he really a Doctor?

Col. So he pretends, and that he lost his Living in *Ireland* upon his refusing the Oaths to the Government. Now I have made the strictest Inquiries, and can't find the least Evidence, that ever he was in the Country. But (as I hinted to you) there is now in Prison a poor unhappy Rebel I went to School with, whose Pardon I am soliciting, and he assures me, he knew him very well in *Flanders*, and in such Circumstances, as when it can be serviceable to me to know them, he faithfully promises to discover, but begs till then I will not insist upon it.

Heart. I'gad this Intelligence may be worth your cherishing.

Col. Hah! here's my Sister again.

Enter Maria hastily, Doctor Wolf following.

Mar. You'll find, Sir, I will not be used thus: Nor shall your Credit with my Father protect your Insolence to me.

Heart. }
and } What's the matter?

Col.

Mar. Nothing, pray be quiet—— I don't want you—— stand out of the way—— [They retire.

B

Col.

Col. What has the Dog done to her?

Mar. How durst you boſt with ſuch Authority into my Chamber without giving me Notice?

Heart. Confuſion!

Col. Now, *Frank*, whoſe turn is it to keep their Temper.

Heart. [*Struggling.*] 'Tis not mine I'm ſure. } *Apart.*

Col. Hold—— if my Father won't reſent this, 'tis then time enough for me to do it.

Doct. Compoſe your Tranſport, Madam, I came by your Father's Deſire, who being inform'd that you were entertaining Mr. *Heartly*, grew impatient, and gave his poſitive Command, that you attend him inſtantly, or he himſelf, he ſays, will fetch you.

Heart. So! now the Storm is riſing.

Doct. So for what I have done, Madam, I had his Authority, and ſhall leave him to answer you.

Mar. 'Tis falſe, he gave you no Authority to inſult me; or if he had, did you ſuppoſe I would bear it from you? What is it you preſume upon? your Function! Does that exempt you from the Manners of a Gentleman?

Doct. Shall I have any answer to your Father, Lady?

Mar. I'll ſend him none by you.

Doct. I ſhall inform him ſo—— [*Exit.*

Mar. A ſawcy Puppy.

Col. Prithee, Siſter, what has the Fellow done to you?

Heart. I beg you tell us, Madam.

Mar. Nay, no great matter.—— but I was ſitting careleſſly in my Dreſſing Room — a — a faſtning my Garter with my Face juſt towards the Door, and this impudent Cur, without the leaſt Notice, comes Bounce in upon me —— and my devilish Hoop hapning to hitch in the Chair, I was an Hour before I could get down my Petticoats.

Heart. The Rogue muſt be corrected.

Col. Yet I'gad, I can't help laughing at the Accident! What a ridiculous Figure muſt ſhe make! ha! ha!

Mar. Hah! you're as impudent as he, I think: Well, but had not I beſt go to my Father?

Heart.

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Heart. Now, now, dear *Tom*, speak to her before she goes, this is the very Crisis of my Life——

[*Apart to the Colonel.*]

Mar. What does he say, Brother?

Col. Why he wants to have me speak to you, and I would have him do it himself.

Mar. Ay, come, do, *Heartly*, I am in good Humour now.

Heart. O *Maria*! — my Heart is bursting ——

Mar. Well, well, out with it.

Heart. Your Father, now, I see is bent on parting us—— Nay, what's yet worse, perhaps, will give you to another—— I cannot speak—— Imagine what I want from you ——

Mar. Well —— O lud! one looks so silly though, when one's serious —— O Ged —— in short I cannot get it out.

Col. I warrant you, try again.

Mar. O lud! —— well —— if one must be teiz'd then—— why he must hope, I think.

Heart. Is't possible? —— Thus ——

Col. Buz —— [*Stopping his Mouth*] not a Syllable, she has done very well, I bar all Heroicks; if you press it too far, I'll hold Six to Four, she's off again in a Moment.

Heart. I am silenc'd.

Mar. Now am I on tiptoe to know what odd Fellow my Father has found out for me.

Heart. I'd give something to know him.

Mar. He's in a terrible Fuss at your being here, I find —— I had best go to him.

Col. By all means.

Mar. O bless us! here he comes piping hot to fetch me! Now we are all in a fine Pickle.

Enter Sir John hastily— He takes Maria under his Arm, Cocks his Hat, Nods, frowning at Heartly, and carries her off.

Col. So —— Well said Doctor! 'tis he, I'm sure has blown this Fire. What horrid Hands is this poor Family fallen into? and how the Traitor seems to triumph in his Power? How little is my Father like him-

self? by Nature, Open, Just, Generous; but this vile Hypocrite drives his weak Passions like the Wind, and I foresee, at last, will dash him on his Ruin.

Heart. Nothing but your speedily detecting him can prevent it.

Col. I have a Thought, and 'tis the only one that can expose him to my Father — Come *Frank*, be cheerful; in some unguarded Hour, we yet, perhaps, this lurking Thief,

Without his Holy Vizor, may surprize,

And lay th' Impostor naked to his Eyes.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the First ACT.



ACT II.

Charles, with a Writing in his Hand.

Charles. 'TIS so! — I have long suspected where his Zeal would end, in the making of his private Fortune — But then to found it on the Ruin of his Patron's Children, makes me shudder at the Villany: What Desperation may a Son be driven to, so barbarously disinherited? — Beside his Daughter, fair *Maria* too is wrong'd; wrong'd in the most tender Point: For so extravagant is this Settlement, it leaves her not a Shilling, but on her conditionally marrying with the Doctor's Consent; which seems, by what I've heard, intended as an Expedient, to oblige her to accept the Doctor himself for her Husband: Now, 'twere but an honest part to let *Maria* know this Snare that's laid for her: this Deed's not sign'd, and might be yet prevented — it shall be so — 'twere Folly not to try — My Condition can't be worse — Who knows how far her Good-Nature may think herself oblig'd for the Discovery? — Must he ruin,

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ruin, as he has done mine, all Families he comes into ?

Enter Sir John, Lady Woodvil, and Maria.

Sir John. O, Charles, your Master wants you to transcribe some Letters.

Charles. Sir, I'll wait on him. [*Exit Charles, bowing respectfully to the Ladies.*]

Mar. A pretty well-bred Fellow that.

Sir John. Ay, ay ; but he has better Qualities than his good Breeding ; he is honest.

Mar. He's always clean too.

Sir John. I wonder, Daughter, when thou wilt take notice of a Man's real Merit——Humph ! well-bred, and clean forsooth——Would not one think now, she were describing a Coxcomb ?

Mar. But, dear Papa, do you make no allowance for one's Taste ?

Sir John. Taste ; hah ! and One's Taste ? That Madam One is to me the most provoking, impertinent Jade alive ; and Taste is the true Picture of her selfe, sickly Appetite : When do you hear my Wife talk at this rate ? and yet she is as young as your fantastical Ladyship.

Lady W. Maria's of a cheerful Temper, my Dear ; but I know you don't think she wants Discretion.

Sir John. I shall try that presently, and you, Sweetheart, shall judge between us : In short, Daughter, your Course of Life is but one continual Round of playing the Fool to no purpose ; and therefore I am resolv'd to make you think seriously, and marry.

Mar. That I shall do before I marry, Sir, you may depend upon't.

Sir John. Um—That I am not so sure of—but you may depend upon my having thought seriously, and that's as well : For the Person I intend you, is of all the World the only Man can make you truly happy.

Mar. And of all the World, Sir, that's the only Man, I'll positively marry.

Lady W. [*Afide to Mar.*] Thou hast rare Courage, Maria ; if I had such a Game to play, I should be frighted out of my Wits.

Mar. Lord, Madam, he'll make nothing on't, depend upon it.

[*Afide.*
Sir

Sir John. Mind what I say to you— This wonderful Man, I say— First, as to his Principles both in Church and State, is unquestionable.

Mar. Sir, I leave all that to you, for I should never ask him a Question about either of them.

Sir John. You need not, I am fully satisfied of both— He is a true, stanch Member of the *Englisk* Catholick Church.

Mar. Methinks though, I would not have him a *Roman Catholick*, Sir, because you know of double Taxes.

Sir John. No, he's no *Roman*.

Mar. Very well, Sir—

Sir John. Then as to the State, he'll shortly be one of the most considerable Men in the Kingdom, and that too in an Office for Life; which, on whatsoever pretence of Misbehaviour, no Civil Government can deprive him of.

Mar. That's fine indeed; I was afraid he had been a Clergyman.

Sir John. I have not yet said what his Function is— As for his private Life— he's sober.

Mar. O! I should hate a Sot.

Sir John. Chaste.

Mar. A hem!

[*siffling a Laugh.*]

Sir John. What is't you sneer at, Madam?— You want one of your fine Gentleman-Rakes, I suppose, that are snapping at every Woman they meet with.

Mar. No, no, Sir, I am very well satisfied— I— I should not care for such a sort of Man no more than I should for one that every Woman was ready to snap at.

Sir John. No, you'll be secure from Jealousy; he has Experience, Ripeness of Years; he is almost Forty Nine: Your Sex's Vanities will have no Charm for him.

Mar. But all this while, Sir, I don't find that he has any Charm for our Sex's Vanity: How does he look? Is he tall, well made? Does he dress, sing, talk, laugh, and dance well? Has he a good Air, good Teeth, fine Eyes, fine fair Perriwig— Does he keep his Chaise, Coach, Chariot, and Berlin with six flouncing *Flanders*? Does he wear blue Velvet, clean white Stoc-kings, and subscribe to the Opera?

Sir

Sir John. Was there ever so profligate a Creature! What will this Age come to?

Lady W. Nay, *Maria*, here I must be against you—Now you are blind indeed, a Woman's Happiness has little to do with the Pleasure her Husband takes in his own Person.

Sir John. Right.

Lady W. 'Tis not how he looks, but how he loves is the Point.

Sir John. Good again!

Lady W. And a Wife is much more secure, that has Charms for her Husband, than when the Husband has only Charms for her.

Sir John. Admirable! Go on, my Dear.

Lady W. Do you think, Child, a Woman of Five and twenty may not be much happier with an honest Man of Fifty, than the finest Woman of Fifty with a young Fellow of Five and twenty?

Sir John. Mark that.

Mar. Ay, but when two Five and twenties come together——Dear *Papa*, you must allow they have a chance to be fifty times as pleasant and frolicksome.

Sir John. Frolicksome! why you sensual Ideot, what have Frolicks to do with solid Happiness? I am asham'd of you—Go! you talk worse than a Girl at a Boarding-School—Frolicksome! as if Marriage were only a Licence for two People to play the Fool according to Law? Methinks, Madam, you have a better Example of Happiness before your Face—Here's one has ten times your Understanding, and she, you find, has made a different Choice.

Mar. Lord, Sir! how you talk? you don't consider Peoples Temper: I don't say my Lady is not in the right; but then you know, *Papa*, she's a Prude, and I am a Coquet; she becomes her Character very well, I don't deny it, and I hope you see every thing I do is as consistent with mine: Your wise Folks may lay down what Rules they please; but 'tis Constitution that governs us all, and you can no more bring me, Sir, to endure a Man of Forty-nine, than you can persuade my Lady to dance in a Church to the Organ.

Sir John. Why you wicked Wretch, could any thing persuade you to that?

Mar. Lord, Sir! I won't answer for any thing I should do when the Whim's in my Head: You know I always lov'd a little Flirtation.

Sir John. O horrible! My poor Mother has ruin'd her; leaving her a Fortune in her own hands, has turn'd her Brain: In short, your Sentiments of Life are shameful, and I am resolv'd upon your instant Reformation; therefore, as an Earnest of your Obedience, I shall first insist, that you never see young *Heartly* more; for in one word, the good and pious Doctor *Wolf's* the Man that I have decreed your Husband.

Mar. Ho! ho! ho! [*Laughing aloud.*]

Sir John. 'Tis very well—this Laugh you think becomes you, but I shall spoil your Mirth—no more—give me a serious Answer.

Mar. [*Gravely*] I ask your pardon, Sir, I should not have smil'd indeed, could I have suppos'd it possible that you were serious.

Sir John. You'll find me so.

Mar. I am sorry for it; but I have an Objection to the Doctor, Sir, that most Fathers think a substantial one.

Sir John. Name it.

Mar. Why, Sir, you know he is not worth a Groat.

Sir John. That's more than you know, Madam; I am able to give him a better Estate than I am afraid you'll deserve.

Mar. How, Sir?

Sir John. I have told you what's my Will, and shall leave you to think on't.

Enter Charles.

Charles. [*Aside to Sir John.*] Sir, if you are at leisure, the Doctor desires a private Conference with you, upon Business of Importance.

Sir John. Where is he?

Charles. In his own Chamber, Sir, just taking his leave of the Count and another Gentleman, that came this Morning Express from *Avignon*: He has sent you too the Note you ask'd him for.

Sir

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Sir John. 'Tis well; I'll come to him immediately—
[*Exit. Charles.*] Daughter, I am call'd away, and therefore have only time to tell you, as my last Resolution, that if you expect a Shilling from me, the Doctor is your Husband, or I'm no more your Father.

[*Exit Sir John, and drops the Paper.*]

Mar. O Madam! I am at my Wits end, not for the little Fortune I may lose in disobeying my Father; but it startles me to find what a dangerous Influence this Fellow has o'er all his Actions.

Lady W. Dear *Maria*, I am now as much alarm'd as you; for though in compliance to your Father, I have been always inclin'd to think charitably of this Doctor, yet now I am convinc'd 'tis time to be upon our guard—he's stepping into his Estate too!

Mar. Here's my Brother, Madam, we'll consult with him.

To them the Colonel.

Col. Madam, your most obedient—Well, Sister, is the Secret out? Who is this pretty Fellow my Father has pickt up for you?

Mar. Ev'n our agreeable Doctor.

Col. You are not serious.

Lady W. He's the very Man, I can assure you, Sir.

Col. Confusion! What would the *Jewish* Cormorant devour the whole Family? Your Ladyship knows he is secretly in love with you too.

Lady W. Fy! fy! Colonel.

Col. I ask your pardon, Madam, if I speak too freely; but I am sure, by what I have seen, your Ladyship must suspect something of it.

Lady W. I am sorry any body else has seen it; but I must own his Civilities of late have been something warmer than I thought became him.

Col. How then are these Opposites to be reconcil'd? Can the Rascal have the Assurance to think both these Points are to be carried?—But he does nothing like other People; he's a Contradiction ev'n to his own Character: Most of your Non-Jurors now are generally People of a free and open Disposition, mighty Pretenders to a Conscience of Honour indeed: But you seldom

see them put on the least Shew of Religion: But this formal Hypocrite always has it at his Tongue's end, and there it sticks, for it never gets into his Heart; I'll answer for him.

Lady W. Ay, but that's the Charm, that first got him into Sir *John's* Heart; who, good Man, is himself, I am sure, sincere; however now misguided, 'twas not so much his Principles of Government, as his well-painted Piety; his seeming Self-denial, Resignation, Patience, and humble Out-side, that gave him first so warm a Lodging in his Bosom.

Mar. My Lady has judg'd it perfectly right.

Col. I am afraid 'tis too true: There has been his surest Footing! But here we are puzzled again—What subtle Fetch can he have, in being really in love with your Ladyship; and, at the same time, making such a Bussle to marry my Sister?

Mar. Truly one would not suspect him to be so ter-magant: I fancy the Gentleman might have his hands full of one of us.

Col. And yet his Zeal pretends to be so shock'd at all indecent Amours, that in the Country he us'd to make the Maids lock up the Turkey-cocks every *Saturday* Night, for fear they should gallant the Hens on a *Sunday*.

Lady W. O! Ridiculous.

Col. Upon my Life, Madam, my Sister told me so.

Mar. I tell you so: You impudent——

Lady W. Fye! *Maria*, he only jests with you.

Mar. How can you be such a Monster, to be playing the fool here, when you have more reason to be fright-ed out of your Wits? You don't know, perhaps, that my Father declares he'll settle a Fortune upon this Fel-low too.

Col. What do you mean?

Lady W. 'Tis too true; 'tis not three Minutes since he said so.

Col. Nay, then, 'tis time indeed his Eyes were open'd; and give me leave to say, Madam, 'tis only in your power to save not only me, but even my Father too from Ruin.

Lady

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Lady W. I shall easily come into any thing of that kind that's practicable——What is't you propose?

Col. Why, if this Fellow (which I am sure of) is really in love with you, give him a fair Opportunity to declare himself, and leave me to make my advantage of it.

Lady W. I apprehend you——I am loth to do a wrong thing——.

Mar. Dear Madam, 'tis the only way in the World to expose him to my Father.

Lady W. I'll think of it—— [*Musing.*]

Col. When you do, Madam, I am sure you will come into it.

How now! What Paper's this? 'tis the Doctor's Hand.

Mar. I believe my Father dropt it.

Col. What's here? [*Reads.*]

Laid out at several times for the Secret Service of His
M———

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
<i>May</i> the 28th, for six Baskets of Rue and Thyme, —————	00	18	00
The 29th, ditto, Two Cart-Loads of Oaken-Boughs, —————	02	00	00
<i>June</i> the 10th, For Ten Bushels of White Roses, —————	01	10	00
<i>Ditto</i> , — Given to the Bell-ringers of several Parishes, —————	10	15	00
<i>Ditto</i> , — To <i>Simon Chaunter</i> Parish-Clerk, for his selecting proper Staves adapted to the Day, —————	05	07	06
<i>Ditto</i> , — For Lemmons and Arrack sent into <i>Newgate</i> , —————	09	05	00

Col. Well, while they drink it in *Newgate*, much good may it do them.

Paid to <i>Henry Conscience</i> , Juryman, for his extraordinary Trouble in acquitting <i>Sir Preston Rebel</i> of his Indictment,	53	15	00
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B 6

Allow'd

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Allow'd to <i>Patrick Mac-Rogue</i> , of the Foot-Guards, for prevailing with his Comrade to desert, —————	04	06	06
Given as Smart-Money to <i>Humphrey</i> <i>Stanch</i> , Cobler, lately whipt for speak- ing his Mind of the Government, ———	03	04	06
Paid to <i>Abel Perkin</i> , News-Writer, for divers seasonable Paragraphs, —————	05	00	00
<i>Aug.</i> the 1st, Paid to <i>John Shoplift</i> and <i>Thomas Highway</i> , for endeavouring to put out the Enemies Bonfire, ———	02	03	00
<i>Aug.</i> the 2d. Paid the Surgeon for Sear- cloth, for their Bruises, —————	01	01	06

Was there ever such a Heap of stupid, cold-scented Treason? Now, Madam, I hope you see the Necessity of blowing up this Traitor: These are Lengths I did not think my Father had gone with him: What vile, what low Sedition, has he made him stoop to?

Lady W. I tremble at the Precipice he stands on!

Mar. O bless us! I am in a cold Sweat; dear Brother, leave it where you found it——

Lady W. By all means; if Sir *John* should know it's in your hands, it may make him desperate——

Col. You are in the right, Madam.

[*He lays down the Paper.*]

Lady W. Let's steal into the next Room, and observe that no body else takes it up; he'll certainly come back to look for't.

Col. But I must leave you, poor *Hearthly* stays for me at *White's*; and he'll sit upon Thorns, 'till I bring him an account of his new Rival.

Mar. Well, well, get you gone then. [Exeunt.

Enter Sir John in a Hurry.

Sir John. Undone! Ruin'd! where could I drop this Paper? — Hold — let's see — [*He finds it.*] Ah! here it is — What a blessed 'Scape was this? If my hot-brain'd Son had found it, I suppose by to-morrow, he would have been begging my Estate for the Discovery.——

Enter Doctor Wolf.

O Doctor! all's well: I have found my Paper.

Doct. I am sincerely glad of it—It might have ruin'd us.

Sir John. Well, Sir, what say our last Advices from *Avignon*?

Doct. All goes right—The Council has approv'd our Scheme, and press mightily for Dispatch among our Friends in *England*.

Sir John. But pray Doctor——

Doct. Hold, Sir,—now we are alone, give me leave to inform you better——Not that I am vain of any worldly Title; but since it has pleas'd our Court to dignify me, our Church's Right obliges me to take it.

Sir John. Pray, Sir, explain.

Doct. Our last Express has brought me this—[*he shews a Writing*] which (far unworthy, as I am) promotes me to the vacant See of *Thetford*.

Sir John. Is it possible? My Lord, I joy in your Advancement.

Doct. It is indeed a Spiritual Comfort to find my Labours in the Cause are not forgotten; though I must own some less conspicuous Instance of their Favour had better suited me: Such high Distinctions are invidious; and it would really grieve me, Sir, among my Friends, to meet with Envy where I only hope for Love; not but I submit in any way to serve them.

Sir John. Ah! good Man! this Meekness will, I hope, one day be rewarded—but pray, Sir—my Lord!—I beg your Lordship's pardon—pray what other News? how do all our Friends? are they in heart, and chearful?

Doct. To a Man! never in such sanguine hopes—the Court's extremely throng'd—never was there such a concourse of Warlike Exiles: though they talk, this sharp Season, of removing farther into *Italy*, for the benefit of milder Air: Well! The Catholicks are the sincerest Friends!

Sir John. Nay, I must do them Justice, they are truly zealous in the Cause, and it has often griev'd my Heart,

Heart, that our Churches Differences are so utterly irreconcilable.

Doct. O nourish still that charitable Thought! there's something truly Great and Humane in it; and really, Sir, if you examine well the Doctrines laid down, by my learned Predecessor, in his *Case of Schism*, you will find those Differences are not so terribly material, as some obstinate Schismatics would paint them: Ah! could we but be brought to Temper, a great many seeming Contradictions might be reconcil'd on both sides: But while the Laity will interpret for themselves, there is indeed no doing it. Now, could we, Sir, like other Nations, but once restrain that monstrous Licence; ah! Sir, a Union then might soon be practicable.

Sir *John*. Auh! 'twill never do here: The *English* are a stubborn headstrong People, and have been so long indulg'd in the use of their own Senses, that, while they have Eyes in their Heads, you will never be able to persuade them they can't see, there's no making them give up their Humane Evidences: and your *Credo, quia Impossibile est*, is an Argument they will always make a jest of. No, no, it is not Force will do the thing, your Prefs'd Men don't always make the best Soldiers. And truly, my Lord, we seem to be wrong too in another Point, to which I have often imputed the ill Success of our Cause: And that is, the taking into our Party so many loose Persons of dissolute and abandon'd Morals; Fellows, whom in their daily private Course of Life, the Pillory and Gallows seem to groan for.

Doct. 'Tis true indeed, and I have often wish'd 'twere possible to do without them, but in a Multitude all Men won't be all Saints; and then again they are really useful; nay, and in many things, that sober Men will not stoop to—They serve, poor Curs, to bark at the Government in the open Streets, and keep up the wholesome Spirit of Clamour in the common People; and, Sir, you cannot conceive the wonderful use of Clamour, 'tis so teizing to a Ministry, it makes them winch and fret, and grow uneasy in their Posts—Ah! many a comfortable Point has been gain'd by Clamour! 'tis in the Nature of Mankind to yield more to that, than
Reason

Reason—Even *Socrates* himself could not resist it; for wife, as he was, yet you see his Wife *Xantippe* carried all her Points by Clamour. Come, come, Clamour is a useful Monster, and we must feed the hungry Mouths of it; it being of the last Importance to us, that hope to change the Government, to let it have no quiet.

Sir *John*. Well, there is indeed no resisting meer Necessity.

Doct. Besides, if we suffer our Spirits to cool here at home, our Friends abroad will send us over nothing but Excuses.

Sir *John*. 'Tis true, but still I am amaz'd, that *France* so totally should have left us—*Mardyke*, they say, will certainly be demolish'd.

Doct. No matter, let them go—we have made a good Exchange, our New Ally is yet better, as he is less suspected——But to give them their due, we have no Spirits among us, like the Women, the Ladies have supported our Cause with a surprizing Constancy. O! there's no daunting them, ev'n with ill Success! they will starve their very Vanities, their Vices, to feed their Loyalty: I am inform'd that my good Lady Countess of *Night-and-Day* has never been seen in a new Gown, or has once thrown a Die at any of the Assemblies, since our last general Contribution.

Sir *John*. O my good Lord, if our Court abroad but knew what Obligations they have to your indefatigable Endeavours——

Doct. Alas! Sir, I can only boast an honest Heart, my Power is weak, I only can assist them with my Prayers and zealous Wishes; or if I had been serviceable, have not you, Sir, overpaid me? Your Daughter, Sir, the fair *Maria*, is a Reward no Merit can pretend to.

Sir *John*. Nay, good my Lord, this tender Gratitude confounds me—O! this insensible Girl—Pray excuse me——

[Weeps.]

Doct. You seem concern'd, pray what's amiss?

Sir *John*. That I should be the Father of so blind a Child; alas! she flights the Blessing I propos'd, she sees you not, my Lord, with my fond Eyes: but lay not,

I beseech you, at my door, the ungrateful Stubbornness of a thoughtless Girl.

Doct. Nay, good Sir, be not thus concern'd for me, we must allow her Female Modesty a time; your strict Commands perhaps too suddenly surpriz'd her: Maids must be slowly, gently dealt with; and might I, Sir, presume to advise——

Sir *John*. Any thing; your Will shall govern me and her.

Doct. Then, Sir, abate of your Authority, and let the Matter rest a while: Suppose I first should beg your good Lady, Sir, to be my Friend to her: Women will hear from their own Sex, what sometimes, ev'n from the Man they like, would startle them: May I have your Permission, Sir, when Dinner is remov'd, to entertain my Lady on this Subject privately?

Sir *John*. O! by all means, and troth, it is an excellent Thought; I'll go this Instant, and prepare her to receive you, and will myself contrive your Opportunity.

Doct. You are too good to me, Sir—— too bountiful.

Sir *John*. Nay, now, my Lord, you drive me from you.

Doct. Pray pardon me.

Sir *John*. No more, I beg you, good my Lord—— your Servant.

[Exit.

Doct. Ha! ha! What noble Harvests have been reaped from bigotted Credulity, nor ever was a better Instance of it. Would it not make one smile! that it should ever enter into the Brains of this Man (who can in other Points distinguish like a Man) that a Protestant Church can never be secure, till it has a Popish Prince to defend it.

Enter Charles.

So Charles, hast thou finish'd those Letters?

Charles. I have brought them, Sir.

Doct. 'Tis very well, let them be seal'd without a Direction, and give them to Aaron Sham the Jew, when he calls for them——O! and—— here step yourself this Afternoon to Mr. Defeazance of Gray's-Inn, and give him this Thirty-Pound Bill from Sir Harry Fox-

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Foxboud; beg him to sit up Night and Day till the Writings are finish'd : For his Trial certainly comes on this Week ; he knows we can't always be sure of a Jury, and a Moment's delay may make the Commissioners lay hold of his Estate.

Charles. My Lord, I'll take the utmost Care.

Doct. Well, *Charles.* [*Gravely smiling.*]

Charles. Sir *John* has told me of the new Duty I ought to pay you when in private.

Doct. But take especial heed, that it be only private.

Charles. Your Lordship need not caution me——my Lord, I hear another Whisper in the Family ; I'm told you'll shortly be allied to it ; Sir *John*, they say, has actually consented ; I hope, my Lord, you'll find the fair *Maria* too, as yielding.

Doct. Such a Proposal has indeed been started, but it will end in nothing : *Maria* is a giddy wanton thing, not form'd to make a wise Man happy ; her Life's too vain, too sensual to elevate a Heart like mine : No, no, I have Views more serious.

Charles. O my fluttering Joy ! [*Aside.*]

Doct. Marriage is a State too turbulent for me.

Charles. But with Sir *John*'s Consent, my Lord, her Fortune may be considerable.

Doct. Thou know'st, *Charles*, my Thoughts of Happiness were never form'd on Fortune.

Charles. No ! I find that by the Settlement. [*Aside.*]

Doct. Or if they were, they would be there impossible ; *Maria*'s vain distaste of me, I know's as deeply rooted, as my Contempt of her : And canst thou think I'd stain my Character to be a Wanton's Mockery, to follow through the Wilds of Folly she wou'd lead me ; to cringe and doat upon a senseless Toy, that every Feather in a Hat can purchase ?

Charles. But mayn't Sir *John* take it ill, my Lord, to have her slighted ?

Doct. No, no, her ridiculous Aversion will secure me from his Reproaches.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Master desires to speak with you.

Doct.

Doct. I'll wait on him— *Charles*, you'll take care of my Directions.

Charles. I'll be sure, Sir.

[*Exit Doctor.*

Kind Heaven, I thank thee! this Bar so unexpectedly remov'd gives Vigour to my Heart, and is, I hope, an Omen of its Fortune—But I must lose no time, the Writing may be every Moment call'd for—this is her Chamber.

He knocks softly—and Betty enters to him.

Is your Lady busy?

Bett. I think she's only a-reading.

Charles. Will you do me the Favour to let her know, if she is at leisure, I beg to speak with her upon some earnest Business.

Maria entering with a Book.

Mar. Who's that?

Bett. She's here— Mr. *Charles*, Madam, desires to speak with you.

Mar. O! Your Servant Mr. *Charles*—here take this odious *Homer*, and lay him up again, he tires me.

[*Exit Betty with the Book.*

How could the blind Wretch make such a horrid Fuss about a fine Woman, for so many Volumes together, and give us no Account of her Amours? You have read him, I suppose, in the *Greek*, Mr. *Charles*.

Charles. Not lately, Madam.

Mar. But do you so violently admire him now?

Charles. The Criticks say he has his Beauties, Madam. But *Ovid* has been always my Favourite.

Mar. *Ovid*! O! he's ravishing—

Charles. And so art thou to Madness. [*Aside.*

Mar. Lord, how could one do to learn *Greek*, was you a great while about it?

Charles. It has been half the Business of my Life, Madam.

Mar. That's cruel now! then you think one can't be Mistress of it in a Month or two.

Charles. Not easily, Madam.

Mar. They tell me it has the softest Tone for Love, of any Language in the World; I fancy I could soon learn it—I know two Words of it already.

Charles.

Charles. Pray, Madam, what are they?

Mar. Stay, let me see——O——ay——Zoe, kai Psyche.

Charles. I hope you know the *English* of 'em, Madam.

Mar. O lud! I hope there's no harm in't; I am sure I heard the Doctor say it to my Lady——Pray what is it?

Charles. You must first imagine, Madam, a tender Lover gazing on his Mistress; and then indeed they have a softness in 'em, as thus——Zoe, kai Psyche! my Life, my Soul!

Mar. O the impudent young Rogue! how his Eyes spoke too! [Aside.]

What the duce! can he want with me!——

Charles. I have startled her, she muses. [Aside.]

Mar. It always ran in my head this Fellow had something in him above his Condition—I'll know presently. [Aside.]

Well, but your Business with me, Mr. Charles; you have something of Love in your Head now, I'll lay my Life on't.

Charles. I never yet durst own it, Madam.

Mar. Why, what's the matter?

Charles. My Story is too melancholy to entertain a Mind so much at ease as yours.

Mar. O! I love melancholy Stories of all things.—

Charles. But mine, Madam, can't be told, unless I give my Life into your power.

Mar. O Lud! you have not done any body a Mischief, I hope.

Charles. I never did a private Injury; if I have done a publick Wrong, I'm sure it might, in me, at least, be call'd an honest Error.

Mar. Pray whom did you serve before you liv'd with the Doctor?

Charles. I was not born to serve; and had not an unfortunate Education ruin'd me, might have now appear'd like what I am by Birth, a Gentleman.

Mar. I am surpriz'd! Your Education, say you, ruin you? Lord! I'm concern'd for you. Pray let me know

know your Story ; and if any Services are in my power, I am sure you may command them.

Charles. Such soft Compassion, from so fair a Bosom, o'erpays the worst that can attend my owning what I am.

Mar. O your Servant——but pray let's hear.

Charles. My Father's elder Brother, Madam; was a Gentleman of an antient Family in the North, who having then no Child himself, begg'd me from my Nurse's Arms, to be adopted as his own, with an Assurance too of making me his Heir; to which my Father (then alas! in the Infancy of his Fortune) easily consented. This Uncle being himself secretly disaffected to the Government, gave me, of course, in my Education, the same unhappy Prejudices, which since have ended in the Ruin of us both.

Mar. Then you were bred a *Roman-Catholic*.

Charles. No, Madam; but I own in Principles of very little difference, which I imbib'd chiefly from this Doctor; he having been five Years my Governor. As I grew up, my Father's Merit had rais'd his Fortune under the present Government; and fearing I might be too far fix'd in Principles against it, desir'd me from my Uncle home again: But I, as I then thought myself bound in Gratitude, excus'd my going in Terms of Duty to my Father; whom since, alas! I too justly have provok'd ever to hope a Reconciliation. I saw too late my Folly, and had no Defence against his Anger, but by artfully confirming him in a Belief, that I had perish'd with my Uncle in the late Rebellion.

Mar. Bless us! what do you mean? you were not actually in it, I hope!

Charles. I can't disown the Guilt——but since the Royal Mercy has been refus'd to none that frankly have confess'd with Penitence their Crime (which from my Heart I most sincerely do) in that is all my Hope——My Youth and Education's all the Excuse I plead; if they deserve no Pity, I am determin'd to throw off my Disguise, and bow me to the hand of Justice.

Mar.

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Mar. Poor Creature! Lord! I can't bear it.

[*with Concern.*

Charles. But then unknown, and friendless as I am; to whom, alas! can I apply for Succour! [*Weeps.*

Mar. O Lord! I'll serve you, depend upon it: My Brother shall have no rest 'till he gets your Pardon.

Charles. Your kind Compassion, Madam, has prevented, what, if I durst, I should have mention'd: I hope too, I shall personally deserve his Favour? if not, your generous Inclination to have sav'd me, even in my last Despair of Life, will give my Heart a Joy.

Mar. Lord! the poor unfortunate Boy loves me too; what shall I do with him? But Mr. *Charles*, pray, once more to your Story——What was it that really drew you into the Rebellion?

Charles. This Doctor, Madam, who, as he is now your Father's, was then my Uncle's Bosom-Counsellor: 'Twas his insidious Tongue that painted it to us an incumbent Duty, on which the Welfare of our Souls depended; he warm'd us too into such a weak Belief of vile Reports, as Infamy should blush to mention—We were assur'd, that half the Churches here in Town were lying all in sacrilegious Ruins; which since, I found, maliciously was meant, even of those that are magnificently rising from their new Foundations!

Mar. But, pray—while you were in Arms, how did the Doctor dispose of himself?

Charles. He!—went with us, Madam, none so active in the Front of Resolution, till Danger came to face him; then indeed a friendly Fever seiz'd him, which on the first Alarm of the King's Forces marching towards *Preston*, gave him a cold Pretence to leave the Town; in the Defence of which, my Uncle lost his Life, and I my only Friend, with all my long-fed Hopes of Fortune.

Mar. Poor Wretch! but how came you to avoid being Prisoner?

Charles. Upon our Surrender of the Place, I brib'd a Townsman to employ me as his Servant, in a backward Working-house; where, from my Youth, and Change of Habit, I pass'd without Suspicion till the whole

whole Affair was over——But then, alas! whither to turn I knew not: My Life grew now no more my Care——Perish, I saw, I must, whether as a Criminal, or a Beggar, was my only Choice.

Mar. O Lard! tell me quickly how you came hither.

Charles. In this Despair I wander'd up to *London*, where I scarce knew one Mortal, but some few Friends in Prison. What could I do? I ventur'd even thither for my Safety; where it was my Fortune first to see your Father, Madam, distributing Relief to several: He knew my Uncle well; and being inform'd of my Condition, he charitably took me home; and here has ever since conceal'd me as a menial Servant to the Doctor: The Detestation of whose vile, dishonest Practices, at last, have waked me to a Sense of all my blinded Errors; of which this Writing is his least of fordid Instances. [Gives it to Maria.]

Mar. You frighten me; pray what are the Purposes of it! 'Tis neither sign'd nor seal'd.

Charles. No, Madam, therefore to prevent it by this timely Notice, was my Business here with you: Your Father gave it the Doctor, first to shew his Council, who having since approv'd it, I understand this Evening 'twill be executed.

Mar. But what is it?

Charles. It grants to Doctor *Wolf* in present four hundred Pounds *per Annum*, of which this very House is part; and at your Father's Death invests him in the whole Remainder of his free Estate. For you indeed there is a Charge of four thousand Pound upon it; provided you marry only with the Doctors Consent; if not, 'tis added to my Lady's Jointure. But your Brother, Madam, is without Conditions utterly disinherited.

Mar. I am confounded—what will become of us! my Father now I find was serious—O this insinuating Hypocrite—let me see—ay—I will go this Minute—Sir, dare you trust this in my hands for an Hour only?

Charles. Any thing to serve you—my Life's already in your hands.

Mar.

Mar. And I dare secure it with my own——Hark! they ring to dinner; pray, Sir, step in, say I am oblig'd to dine abroad, and whisper one of the Footmen to get an Hackney Coach immediately; then do you take a proper Occasion to slip out after me to Mr. Double's Chambers in the Temple, there I shall have Time to talk farther with you. You'll excuse my Hurry—Here Betty, my Scarf, and a Mask.

[Exit Maria.]

Charles. What does my Fortune mean me? She'll there talk farther with me! Of what! What will she talk of! O my Heart! methought she look'd at parting too, as kindly conscious of some Obligation to me: And then how soft, how amiably tender was her pity of my Fortune. But O! I rave! keep down my vain aspiring Thoughts, and to my lost Condition level all my Hopes.

*Rather content with Pity let me live,
Than hope for more than she resolves to give.*

Exit.

The End of the Second A C T.



A C T III.

Maria, and Betty taking off her Scarf, &c.

Mar. **H**AS any one been to speak with me, *Betty*?
Betty. Only Mr. *Hearthly*, Madam; he said he would call again, and bid his Servant stay below to give him Notice when you came home.

Mar. You don't know what he wanted?

Bett. No, Madam, he seem'd very uneasy at your being abroad.

Mar. Well—go, and lay up those Things—[Exit Betty.] Ten to one, but his wife Head now has found out

out something to be jealous of; if he lets me see it, I shall be sure to make him infinitely easy.—Here he comes.

Enter Heartly.

Heart. Your humble Servant, Madam. } *gravely.*

Mar. Your Servant, Sir,

Heart. You have been abroad, I hear.

Mar. Yes, and now I am come home, you see.

Heart. You seem to turn upon my Words, Madam; is there any thing particular in them?

Mar. As much as there is in my being abroad, I believe.

Heart. Might not I say you had been abroad without giving Offence?

Mar. And might not I as well say, I was come home, without your being so grave upon't?

Heart. Do you know any thing should make me grave?

Mar. I know, if you were so, I am the worst Person in the World you could possibly shew it to.

Heart. Nay, I don't suppose you do any thing you won't justify.

Mar. O then, I find I have done something you think I can't justify.

Heart. I don't say that neither, perhaps I am in the wrong in what I have said; but I have been so often us'd to ask pardon for your being in the wrong, that I am resolv'd henceforth never to rely on the insolent Evidence of my own Senses.

Mar. You don't know now, perhaps, that I think this pretty smart Speech of yours is very dull; but since that's a Fault you can't help, I will not take it ill. Come now, be as sincere on your side, and tell me seriously——Is not what real Business I had abroad, the very thing you want to be made easy in?

Heart. If I thought you would make me easy, I would own it.

Mar. Now we come to the Point——To-morrow Morning then, I give you my Word to let you know it all; till when, there is a Necessity for its being a Secret, and I insist upon your believing it.

Heart. But pray, Madam, what am I to do with my private Imagination in the mean time, that is not
in

in my Power to confine: And sure you won't be offended, if to avoid the Tortures that may give me, I beg you'll trust me with the Secret now.

Mar. Don't press me, for positively I will not.

Heart. Cannot, had been a kinder Term—is my Disquiet of so little Moment to you?

Mar. Of none, while your Disquiet dares not trust the Assurances I have given you; if you expect I should confide in you for Life, don't let me see you dare not take my Word for a Day; and if you are wise, you'll think so fair a Trial of your Faith a Favour.

Heart. If you intend it such——it is a Favour, if not 'tis something——so——come let's wave the Subject.

Mar. With all my Heart: Have you seen my Brother lately?

Heart. Yes, Madam, and he tells me, it seems, the Doctor is the Man your Father has resolv'd upon.

Mar. 'Tis so; nay, and what will more surprize you, he leaves me only to the Choice of him, or of no Fortune.

Heart. And may I, without Offence, beg leave to know, what Resolutions, Madam, you have taken upon it?

Mar. I have not taken any, I do not know what to do; what would you advise me to?

Heart. I advise you to? Nay, you are in the right to make it a Question.

Mar. He says he'll settle all his Estate upon him too.

Heart. O take it, take it, to be sure it is the finest Match in the World, you can't do a wiser Thing certainly.

Mar. 'Twill be as wise at least, as the Ways you take to prevent it.

Heart. I find, Madam, I am not to know what you intend to do; and I suppose I am to be easy at that too.

Mar. When I intend to marry him, I shall not care whether you are easy, or no.

Heart. If your Indifference to me, were a Proof of your Inclination to him, the Gentleman need not despair.

Mar. Very well, Sir, I'll endeavour to take your Advice, I promise you.

Heart. O! that won't cost you much Trouble, I dare say, Madam.

Mar. About as much, I suppose, as it cost you to give it me.

Heart. Upon my Word, Madam, I gave it purely to oblige you.

Mar. Then to return your Civility, the least I can do is to take it.

Heart. Is't possible? how can you torture me with this Indifference?

Mar. Why do you insult me with such a bare-fac'd Jealousy?

Heart. Is it a Crime to be concern'd for what becomes of you? Has not your Father openly declar'd against me, in favour of my Rival? How is it possible, at such a Time, not to have a thousand Fears? What though they all are false and groundless, are they not still the Effect of Love alarm'd, and anxious to be satisfied? I have an open artless Heart, that cannot bear Disguises, but when 'tis griev'd, in spite of me, 'twill shew it—Pray pardon me—But when I am told you went out in the utmost Hurry with some Writings to a Lawyer, and took the Doctor's own Servant with you, ev'n in the very Hour your Father had propos'd him, as your Husband! Good Heav'n! what am I to think? Can I, must I suppose my Senses fail me? If I have Eyes, have Ears, and have a Heart, must it be still a Crime to think I see, and hear—Yet by my Torments feel I love.

Mar. [*Afide.*] Well! I own it looks ill-natur'd now, not to shew him some Concern—but then this Jealousy—I must, and will get the better of.

Heart. Speak *Maria*, is still my Jealousy a Crime?

Mar. If you still insist on it, as a Proof of Love, then I must tell you, Sir, 'tis of that kind, that only slighted Hearts are pleas'd with; when I am so reduc'd,

reduc'd, then I perhaps may bear it——The Fact you charge me with I grant is true, I have been abroad, as you say: But still let Appearances look ne'er so pointing, while there is a Possibility in Nature, that what I have done may be innocent, I won't bear a Look, that tells me to my Face you dare suspect me: If you have Doubts, why don't you satisfy them before you see me? Can you suppose, that I am to stand confounded, as a Criminal before you? How despicable a Figure must a Woman make, to bear but such a Moment? Come, come, there's nothing shews so low a Mind, as these grave and insolent Jealousies. The Man, that's capable of ever seeing a Woman, after he believes her false, is capable on her Submission, and a little Flattery, were she really false, poorly to forgive and bear it.

Heart. You won't find me, Madam, of so low a Spirit; but since I see your Tyranny arises from your mean Opinion of me, 'tis time to be myself, and disavow your Power, you use it now beyond my bearing; not only impose on me to disbelieve my Senses, but do it with such an imperious Air, as if my honest, manly Reason were your Slave, and this poor groveling Frame that follows you, durst shew no Signs of Life, but what you deign to give it.

Mar. Oh! you are in the right——go on——suspect me still, believe the worst you can——'tis all true,——I don't justify myself——Why do you trouble me with your Complaints? If you are Master of that manly Reason you have boasted, give me a manly Proof of it, at once resume your Liberty, despise me, go, go off in Triumph now, and let me see you scorn the Woman, whose vile o'erbearing Falshood would insult your Senses.

Heart. O Heaven! is this the End of all? Are then those tender Protestations you have made me (for such I thought them) when with the softest kind Reluctance your rising Blushes gave me something more than Hope——What all——O Maria! All but come to this?

Mar. [*Afide*] O Lud! I am growing silly, if I hear on, I shall tell him every thing; 'tis but another struggle, and I shall conquer it——So so, you are not gone, I see.

Heart. Do you then wish me gone, Madam?

Mar. Your manly Reason will direct you.

Heart. This is too much——my Heart can bear no more. O! what? am I rooted here! 'Tis but a Pang, and I am free for ever.

Enter Charles, with two Writings.

Mar. At last I am reliev'd! Well, Mr. Charles, is it done?

Charles. I did not stir from his Desk, Madam, till it was entirely finish'd.

Mar. Where's the Original?

Charles. This is it, Madam.

Mar. Very well, that, you know, you must keep; but come, we must lose no Time, we will examine this in the next Room. Now I feel for him. [*Afide.*

[Exit Maria, with Charles.]

Heart. O Rage! Rage! this is not to be born——she's gone, she's lost, fordidly has sold herself to Fortune, and I must now forget her——Hold, if possible, let me cool a Moment——Interest! No, that could not tempt her——She knows I am Master of a larger Fortune, than there her utmost Hopes can give her, that on her own Conditions she may be mine:——But what's this secret Treaty then within! what's doing there! who can resolve that Riddle?——And yet perhaps, like other Riddles, when 'tis explain'd, nothing may seem so easy: But why again, might she not trust me too with the Secret! That! that entangles all afresh, and sets me on the Rack of Jealousy,

Enter Colonel.

Col. How now, Frank! what in a Rapture?

Heart. Prithee, pardon me, I am unfit to talk with you.

Col. What is Maria in her Airs again?

Heart. I know not what she is.

Col. Do you know where she is?

Heart.

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Heart. Retir'd this Moment to her Chamber, with the Doctor's Servant.

Col. Why, thou art not jealous of the Doctor, I hope?

Heart. Perhaps she'll be less reserv'd to you, and tell you wherein I have mistaken her.

Col. Poor *Frank*, thou art a perfect *Sir Martin* in thy Amours, every Plot I lay upon my Sister's Inclination for thee, thou art sure to ruin by thy own unfortunate Conduct.

Heart. I own I have too little Temper, and too much real Passion for a modish Love.

Col. Come, come, prithee be easy once more, I'll undertake for you: If you'll fetch a cool Turn in the Park upon *Constitution-Hill*, in less than half an Hour, I'll come to you.

Heart. Dear *Tom*, thou art a Friend indeed! O I have a Thousand Things——but you shall find me there. [Exit Heartly.]

Col. Poor *Frank*! now has he been taking some honest Pains to make himself miserable.

Enter Maria, and Charles.

How now, Sister, what have you done to *Heartly*? The poor Fellow looks as if he had kill'd your Parrot.

Mar. Pshaw! you know him well enough, I have only been setting him a Love-Lesson, it a little puzzles him to get through it at first, but he'll know it all by to-morrow; you will be sure to be in the way, Mr. Charles.

Charles. Madam, you may depend upon me, I have my full Instructions, [Exit Charles.]

Col. O ho! there's the Business then, and it seems *Heartly* was not to be trusted with it; ha! ha! And prithee what is this mighty Secret, that's transacting between *Charles* and you?

Mar. That's what he wou'd have known indeed; but you must know, I don't think proper to let you tell him neither, for all your sly manner of asking.

Col. O! pray take your own Time, dear Madam, I am not in haste to know, I can assure you; I came about

about another Affair, our Design upon the Doctor: Now while my Father takes his Nap after Dinner, would be the properest Time to put it in execution: prithee go to my Lady, and persuade her to it this Moment.

Mar. Why won't you go with me?

Col. No, I'll place myself unknown to her in this Passage; for, should I tell her I design to over-hear him, she might be scrupulous.

Mar. That's true—But hold, on second Thoughts, you shall know part of this Affair between *Charles* and me; nay, I give you leave to tell it *Heartly* too, on some Conditions, 'tis true, I did design to have surpriz'd you, but now——my Mind's alter'd, that's enough.

Col. Ay, for any Mortal's Satisfaction——but here comes my Lady.

Mar. Away then to your Post——but let me see you when this Affair is over.

Col. I'll be with you.

[*Exit. Col.*]

Enter Lady Woodvil.

Mar. Well, Madam, has your Ladyship consider'd my Brother's Proposal about the Doctor?

Lady W. I have, Child, and am convinc'd it ought not to be delay'd a Moment: I have just sent to speak with him here——Sir *John* too presses me to give him a Hearing upon your account: but must I play a treacherous part now, and instead of persuading you to the Doctor, ev'n persuade the Doctor against you?

Mar. Dear Madam, don't be so nice; if Wives we re never to dissemble, what wou'd become of many a wilful Husband's Happiness?

Lady W. Nay, that's true too.

Mar. I'd give the World now methinks, to see this solemn Interview; sure there can't be a more ridiculous Image, than unlawful Love peeping his sly Head out from under the Cloak of Sanctity! O! that I were in your Ladyship's place, I would lead that dancing Blood of his such a profane Courant——your wise Fellows make therare't Fools too: But your
Lady.

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Ladyship will make a Rogue of him, and that will do our Business at present.

Lady W. If he makes himself one, 'tis his own Fault.

Mar. Dear Madam, one Moment's Truce with the Pride, I beg you; don't start at his first Declaration, but let him go on till he shews the very bottom of his ugly Heart.

Lady W. I'll warrant you, I'll give a good Account of him——here he comes.

Mar. Then I hope, Madam, you will give me Leave to be commode, and steal off.

Lady W. Very well. [*Ex. Maria, and Enter Doctor.*]

Doct. I am told, Madam, you design me the Happiness of your Commands; I am proud you think me worthy of them in any sort.

Lady W. Please to sit, Sir.

Doct. Did not Sir *John* inform you too, that I had desir'd a private Conference with your Ladyship?

Lady W. He did, Sir.

Doct. 'Tis then by his Permission we are thus happily alone.

Lady W. True, and 'tis on that account, I wanted to advise with you.

Doct. Well, but, dear Lady, ah! [*sighing*] you can't conceive the Joyousness I feel, in this so unexpected Interview, ah! ah! I have a Thousand friendly things to say to you——Ah! ah! and how stands your precious Health? Is your naughty Cold abated yet? I have scarce closed my Eyes these two Nights, with my Concern for you, and every watchful Interval has sent a Thousand Sighs and Prayers to Heaven for your Recovery.

Lady W. Your Charity was too far concern'd for me.

Doct. Ah! don't say so, don't say so,——you merit more, than mortal Man can do for you.

Lady W. Indeed, you over-rate me.

Doct. I speak it from my Soul! indeed! indeed! indeed! I do. [*Presses her Hand.*]

Lady W. O dear! you hurt my Hand, Sir.

Doct. Impute it to my Zeal, and want of Words to express

express my Heart; ah! I would not harm you for the World, no, bright Creature, 'tis the whole Business of my Soul to——

Lady W. But to our Affair, Sir.

Doct. Ah! thou heavenly Woman!

[*Laying his Hand on her Knee.*

Lady W. Your Hand need not be there, Sir.

Doct. Ah! I was admiring the Softness of this Silk, Madam.

Lady W. Ay, but I am ticklish,

Doct. They are indeed come to a prodigious Perfection in this Manufacture——How wonderful is Human Art!——Here it disputes the Prize with Nature——that all this soft, and gaudy Lustre should be wrought from the poor Labours of a Worm!

[*Stroking it.*

Lady W. But our Business is upon another Subject: Sir *John* informs me, that he thinks himself under no Obligation to Mr. *Heartly*, and therefore resolves to give you *Maria*: Now pray be sincere, and let me know what your real Intentions are?

Doct. Is it possible! Can you, Divine Perfection, be still a Stranger to my real Thoughts? Has no one Action of my Life inform'd you better? Since I must plainly speak them then, *Maria's* but a Feint, a Blind to screen my real Thoughts from shrewd Suspicion's Eye, and shield your spotless Fame from worldly Censure. Could you then think 'twas for *Maria's* sake, your Balls, Assemblies, and your Toilet Visits have been restrain'd? Would I have urg'd Sir *John* to make that Fence to inclose a Butterfly? No, soft, and serious Excellence, your Virtues only were the Object of my Care; I could not bear to see the Gay, the Young, and the Inconstant daily basking in your diffusive Beams of Beauty, without a secret Grudge, I might say, Envy ev'n of such Insects Happiness.

Lady W. Well, Sir, I take all this, as I suppose you intended it, for my Good, my spiritual Welfare.

Doct. Indeed I meant you serious, cordial Service.

Lady W. I dare say you did, you are above the low and momentary Views of this World.

Doct.

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Doct. Ah! I should be so——and yet alas! I find this mortal Cloathing of my Soul is made like other Men's, of sensual Flesh and Blood, and has its Frailties.

Lady W. We all have those, but yours I know, are well corrected by your divine, and virtuous Contemplations.

Doct. And yet our Knowledge of Eternal Beauties, does not restrain us wholly from the love of all that's mortal——Beauty here, 'tis true must die, but while it lives, 'twas given us to admire, to wake the sluggish Heart, and charm the sensible: At the first Sight of you, I felt unusual Transports in my Soul, and trembled at the Guilt that might ensue; but on Reflection found my Flame receiv'd a Sanction from your Goodness, and might be reconcil'd with Virtue; on this I chaced my slanderous Fears, let in the harmless Passion at my Eyes, and gave up all my Heart to Love.

Col. [*Behind.*] Indeed! so warm Sir Roger, but I shall cool your Passion with a Witness. [*Exit.*]

Lady W. These gay Professions, Sir, shew more the Courtier than the Zealot; nor could I think a Mind so fortify'd as yours, could have been open to such vain Temptations.

Doct. What Bosom can be Proof 'gainst such Artillery of Love? I may resist, call all my Prayers, my Fastings, Tears and Penance to my Aid, but yet, alas these have not made an Angel of me: I am still but Man, Virtue may strive, but Nature will be uppermost: Permit me then on this fair Shrine to pay my Vows, and offer up a Heart.

Lady W. Hold, Sir, you've said enough to put you in my Power, suppose I now should let my Husband, Sir, your Benefactor, know the Favour you design'd him. [*She rises.*]

Doct. You cannot be so cruel?

Lady W. Nor will, on one Condition.

Doct. Name it.

Lady W. That instantly you renounce all Claim and Title to *Maria*, and use your utmost Interest with Sir *John* to give her, with her full Fortune to

Mr. Heartly: If you are wise consider on't.

[*Sir John, and Col. behind.*
[*The Doctor turning accidentally, sees them.*

Doct. Ha! the Colonel there! his Father with him too! here may have been some Treachery: what's to be done? [*Aside.*

Col. Now, Sir, let your Eyes convince you.

Sir John. They do, that yours, Sir, have deceiv'd you; all this I knew of. } *Apart.*

Col. How, Sir!

Sir John. Observe and be convinc'd.

Doct. I have it. [*Musing.*

Lady W. [*To the Doctor.*] Methinks this Business needs not, Sir, so long a Pause.

Doct. Madam, I cannot easily give up such honest Hopes.

Lady W. Honest!

Doct. Perhaps my Years are thought unequal to my Flame; but, Lady, those were found no strong Objection 'twixt Sir John and you; and can you blame me then for following so sure a Guide in the same youthful Path to Happiness?

Lady W. Is this your Resolution then?

Col. Will you let him go on, Sir?

Sir John. Yes, Sir, to confound your Slander. } *Apart.*

Col. Monstrous!

Doct. Can you suppose my Heatt less capable of Love, than his? Is it for me to push the Blessing from me too? For tho' my Flame has been of long Duration, my conscious want of Merit kept it still conceal'd, till his Good-nature brought it to this blest Occasion; and can you then, so authoriz'd, refuse your friendly Pity to my Sufferings? One Word from you compleats my Joy: In you, Madam, is my only Hope, my Fear, my Ease, my Pain, my Torment, or my Happiness; Maria! O! Maria!

Col. Confusion!

Sir John. [*Coming forward with the Colonel.*] Now, vile Detractor of all Virtue, is your outrageous Malice yet confounded? Did not I tell you too, he only made an Interest here to gain your Sister?

Col.

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Col. His Devil has outreach'd me.

[*Aside.*

Sir John. Is this your rank Detection of his Treachery?

Doct. *Sir John*, I did not see you, Sir; I doubt you are come too soon, I have not yet prevail'd with her.

[*Aside to him.*

Sir John. Ah! good Man be not concern'd; your Trouble shall be shorter for't, I'll force her to Compliance.

Lady W. What have you done—your Impatience has ruin'd all.

} *Apart.*

Col. I see it now too late.

Sir John. Now, Sir! will your base Prejudice of Party never be at rest? Am I to be still thought partial, blind, and obstinate to favour so much injur'd Virtue; if thou art a Man not lost to Conscience, or to Honour, then like a Man repair this Wrong, confess the Rancour of thy vile Suspicion, and throw thee at his Feet for Pardon.

Doct. What mean you, Sir?

Lady W. [*Aside.*] While he is in this Temper, he will not easily be undeceiv'd—I've yet an After-game to play, 'till when, 'tis best to leave him in his Error.

[*Ex. Lady Woodvil.*

Sir John. What! mute! defenceless! hardned in thy Malice?

Col. I scorn the Imputation, Sir, and with the same repeated Honesty avow (howe'er his Cunning may have chang'd Appearances) that you are still deceiv'd, that all I told you, Sir, was true; these Eyes, these Ears were Witnesses of his audacious Love, without the mention of my Sister's Name, directly, plainly, grossly tending to abuse the Honour of your Bed.

Sir John. Audacious Monster! were not your own Senses Evidence against your frontless Accusation? I see your Aim; Wife, Children, Servants, all are bent against him, and think to weary me by groundless Clamours to discard him, but all shall not do. your Malice on your own vile Heads; to me, it but the more endears him; either submit, and ask his Pardon for this Wrong—

Doct. Good Sir!

Sir

Sir John. Or this Instant leave my Sight, my House, my Family for ever.

Doct. What means this Rashness, Sir! on my account it must not be, what would the World report of it? I grant it possible he loves me not, but you must grant it too as possible he might mistake me! it must be so—He is too much your Son to do his Enemy a wilful Injury: If, he, I say, suppos'd my Converse with your Lady criminal, to accuse me then, was but the Error of his Virtue, not his Baseness; you ought to love him, thank him for such watchful Care: Was it for him to see, as he believ'd, your Honour in so foul a Danger, and stand concernless by? The Law of Heaven, of Nature, and of Filial Duty, all oblig'd him to alarm your Vengeance, and detect the Villany.

Sir John. O Miracle of Charity!

Doct. Come, come, such Breaches must not be, betwixt so good a Son, and Father; forget, forgive, embrace him, cherish him, and let me bless the Hour I was the Occasion of so sweet a Reconcilement.

Sir John. I cannot bear such Goodness! O sink me not into the Earth with Shame—Hear this, perverse, and reprobate! O! couldst thou wrong such more than mortal Virtue!

Col. Wrong him! the hardned Impudence of this painted Charity—

Sir John. Peace, Monster—

Col. Is of a blacker, deeper Dye, than the great Devil himself in all his Triumphs over Innocence ever wore.

Sir John. O graceless Infidel!

Col. No, Sir, though I would hazard Life to save you from the Ruin he misleads you to; could die to reconcile my Duty to your Favour; yet on the Terms that Villain offers, 'tis Merit to refuse it; I glory in the Disgrace your Errors give me—But, Sir, I'll trouble you no more: To-day is his—to-morrow may be mine.

[Exit. Col.]

Doct. I did not think he had had so hard a Nature.

Sir John. O, my good Lord, your charitable Heart discovers not the Rancour that's in his: but what better

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ter can be hoped for, from a Wretch so swell'd with Spleen, and Rage of Party?

Doct. No, no, Sir, I am the Thorn that galls him; 'tis me, 'tis me he hates; he thinks I stand before him in your Favour; and 'tis not fit indeed I should do so; for fallen, as he is, he's still your Son, and I alas! an Alien, an Intruder here, and ought in Conscience to retire, and heal these Breaches in your Family.

Sir John. What means your Lordship?

Doct. But I'll remove this Eye-fore--Here Charles!--

[Enter Charles.]

Sir John. For Goodness sake.

Doct. Bring me that Writing I gave you to lay up this Morning.

Charles. Now Fortune favour us. [*Aside.*] *Ex. Char.*

Sir John. Make haste, good Charles, it shall be sign'd this Moment.

Doct. Not for the World; 'twas not to that End I sent for it, but to refuse your kind Intentions; for with your Children's Curses, Sir, I dare not, must not take it.

Sir John. Nay good, my Lord, you carry it now too far; my Daughter is not wrong'd by it, but if not obstinate, may still be happy; and for my wicked Son, shall he then heir my Lands, to propagate more miserable Schismaticks? No, let him depend on you, whom he has wrong'd; perhaps in Time, he may reflect upon his Father's Justice; be reconcil'd to your rewarded Virtues, and reform his fatal Errors.

Re-enter Charles with a Writing.

Doct. That would be indeed a Blessing.

Sir John. If Heaven should at last reclaim him, the Power to right him still is yours; in you I know he yet would find a fond forgiving Father.

Doct. The Imagination of so blest an Hour, softens me to a Tenderness I can't support.

Sir John. O the dear, good Man! come, come, let's in to execute this Deed.

Doct. Will you then force me to accept this Trust? For, call it what you will, with me, it shall never be more than such.

Sir

Sir John. Let that depend upon the Conduct of my Son.

Doct. Well, Sir, since yet it may prevent his Ruin, I consent.

*So sweet a Hope must all my Fears controul,
I take the Trust, as Guardian to his Soul.* [Ex.]

The End of the Third ACT.



ACT IV.

Maria and Charles.

Mar. YOU were a Witness then?

Charles. I saw it sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd, Madam.

Mar. And all pass'd without the least Suspicion?

Charles. Sir John sign'd it with such Earnestness, and the Doctor receiv'd it with such a seeming Reluctance, that neither had the Curiosity to examine a Line of it.

Mar. Well, Mr. Charles, whether it succeeds to our Ends, or not, we have still the same Obligations to you: You saw with what a friendly Warmth my Brother heard your Story, and I don't doubt his Success in your Affair at Court.

Charles. What I have done, my Duty bound me to: But pray, Madam, give me leave, without Offence, to ask you one innocent Question.

Mar. Freely, Sir.

Charles. Have you never suspected then, that in all this Affair I have had some secret, stronger Motive to it, than barely Duty?

Mar. Yes—but have you been in no Apprehensions I should discover that Motive? [Gravely.]

Charles. Pray, pardon me, I see already, I have gone too far.

Mar.

Mar. Not at all, it loses you no Merit with me, nor is it in my Nature to use any one ill, that loves me, unless I lov'd that one again, then indeed, there might be Danger—Come, don't look grave, my Inclinations to another, shall not hinder me paying every one, what's due to their Merit; I shall therefore always think my self oblig'd to treat your Misfortunes and your Modesty with the utmost Tenderness.

Charles. By the dear, soft Ease you have given my Heart, I never hoped for more.

Mar. Then I'll give you a great deal more, and to shew my particular good Opinion of you, I'll do you a Favour, Mr. *Charles*, I never did any Man since I was born—I'll be sincere with you.

Charles. Is it then possible you can have lov'd another, to whom you never were sincere?

Mar. Alas! you are but a Novice in the Passion—Sincerity is a dangerous Virtue, and often surfeits what it ought to nourish; therefore I take more Pains to make the Man I love believe I slight him, than (if possible) I would to convince you of my Esteem and Friendship.

Charles. Be but sincere in that, Madam, and I can't complain.

Mar. Nay, I'll give you a Proof of it, I'll shew you all the Good-nature you can desire; you shall make what Love to me you please now; but then I'll tell you the Consequence, I shall certainly be pleas'd with it, and that will flatter you, 'till I do you a mischief. Now do you think me sincere?

Charles. I scarce consider that, but I'm sure you are agreeable.

Mar. Why look you there now! Do you consider, that a Woman had as live be thought agreeable, as handsome? And how can you suppose, from one of your Sense, that I am not pleas'd with being told so?

Charles. Was ever Temper so enchanting?

Mar. Or Vanity more venial! I'm pleas'd with you.

[Smiling.]

Charles. Distracting! sure never was Despair admistred with a Hand so gentle.

Mar.

Mar. So! now you have convinc'd me, I have a good Understanding too—Why I shall certainly have the better Opinion of yours, for finding it out now.

Charles. Your good Opinion's what I aim at.

Mar. Ay, but the more I give it you, the better you'll think of me still; and then I must think the better of you again, and then you the better of me upon that too; and so at last I shall think seriously, and you'll begin to think ill of me. But I hope, Mr. *Charles*, your good Sense will prevent all this.

Charles. I see my Folly now, and blush at my Presumption: but yet to cure my weaning Heart, and reconcile me to my Doom, be yet sincere, and satisfy one sickly Longing of my Soul.

Mar. To my Power, command me.

Charles. O! tell me then the Requisites I want, and what's the secret Charm that has prefer'd my Rival to your Heart.

Mar. Come then, be chearful, and I'll answer like a Friend. The Gentleness, and Modesty of your Temper, would make with mine but an unequal Mixture: with you I should be ungovernable, not know my self; your Compliance would undo me. I am by Nature Vain, Thoughtless, Wild, and Wilful; therefore ask a higher Spirit to controul and lead me. For whatever outward Airs I give my self, I am within convinc'd, a Woman makes a very wrong Figure in Happiness, that does not think Superiority best becomes her Husband.—But what's yet more, tho' I confess you have Qualities uncommon in your Sex, and such as ought to warm a Heart to love; yet here you come too late; Compassion's all within my power: And I know you cannot but have seen, I am under Obligations, I need not explain to you.

Charles. I am satisfied—You treat me with so kind and gentle a Concern, that I must submit to it.

Mar. [*Apart.*] Well! when all's done, he's a pretty Fellow; and the first sure, that ever heard Reason against himself with so good an Understanding.

Enter a Servant with a Letter to Charles.

Serv. Sir, the Colonel order'd me to give this into your own Hands.

Mar.

Mar. From my Brother? — Where is he?

Serv. I left him, Madam, at the Secretary's Office with one Sir Charles Trueman, and Mr. Heartly. [Ex. Ser.]

Charles. Ha! my Father! O! Heaven, 'tis his Hand too! Now I tremble!

Mar. Come, Sir, take heart; I dare say there's good News in't, and I should be glad to hear it — But no Ceremony; pray read to your self first.

Charles. Since you command me, Madam.

[Reads to himself.]

Mar. [Apart.] Lord! how one may live, and learn! I could not have believ'd, that Modesty in a young Fellow could have been so amiable a Virtue: And though, I own, there is I know not what of dear Delight in indulging one's Vanity with them; yet, upon serious Reflection, we must confess, that Truth and Sincerity have a Thousand Charms beyond it. And I now find more Pleasure in my self-denying Endeavours to make this poor Creature easy, than ever I took in humbling the Airs and Assurance of a Man of Quality — I believe I had as good confess all this to Heartly, and ev'n make up the Bustle with him too — But then he will so tease one for Instances of real Inclination — O God — I can't bear the Thought on't — And yet we must come together too — Well! Nature knows the way to be sure, and so I'll e'en trust to her for't — Bless me! What's the matter? you seem concern'd, Sir.

[To Charles wiping his Tears.]

Charles. I am indeed, but 'tis with Joy! O! Madam! my Father is reconcil'd to me: This Letter is from him.

Mar. Pray let's hear.

Charles. [Reading.]

Dear Charles,

This Day, by Colonel Woodvil, I receiv'd the joyful News of your being yet alive, and well: Though that's but half my Comfort. He has assur'd me too, you have renounc'd those Principles, that made me think your Death my Happiness. The Services you have intended his Family, and may do the Government, in your just Detection of a Traytor that would ruin both, have been so well receiv'd at Court, and so generously represented there by the

Colonel and Mr. Hartley, that they have obtain'd an Order for your Pardon; which I now stay the passing of, before I throw my Arms about you, that I may leave no Doubt or Fear behind to interrupt the Fulness of my Joy. I am inform'd, that in revealing your self to a certain fair Lady, you have let fall some Words, that shew you have an innocent, tho' hopeless Passion for her. Your Youth excuses what is past; but now consider how far you owe your Life to Mr. Heartly: I therefore charge you, on my Blessing, to give up every idle Thought of Love, that may interrupt his Happiness, or abate the Merit of what you've done to deserve the Pardon of your Sovereign, or of your affectionate forgiving Father, Charles Trueman.

Mar. I am overjoy'd at your good Fortune.

Charles. You, Madam, are the Source of all—but I am now unfit to thank you. [Weeps.]

Mar. You owe me nothing, Sir; Success was all I hoped for.

Charles. Pray excuse me—it would be Rudeness to trouble you with the tender Thoughts this must give a Heart oblig'd like mine. [Exit Charles.]

Mar. Poor Creature! how full his honest Heart is? What early Vicissitudes of Fortune has he run through? Well! this was handsomely done of Heartly, considering what he had felt upon his account, to be so concern'd for his Pardon.

Enter Lady Woodvil.

Lady W. Dear Maria, what will become of us? The Tyranny of this subtle Priest is insupportable: He has so fortified himself in Sir John's Opinion by this last Misconduct of your Brother, that I begin to lose my usual Power with him.

Mar. Pray explain, Madam.

Lady W. In spite of all I cou'd urge, he is this Minute bringing the Doctor to make his Addresses to you.

Mar. I am glad on't: for the Beast must come like a Bear to the Snake, I'm sure: He knows I shall bait him.

Lady W. No, no, he presses it, to keep Sir John still blind to his wicked Design upon me—Therefore

I came to give you notice, that you might be prepar'd to receive him.

Mar. I am oblig'd to your Ladyship: Our Meeting will be a tender Scene, no doubt on't.

Lady W. You have heard, I suppose, what an extravagant Settlement your Father has sign'd to.

Mar. Yes, Madam; but I am glad your Ladyship's like to be a gainer by it, however: For when I marry, it will be without the Doctor's Consent, depend upon't.

Lady W. No, Child, I did not come into Sir John's Family with a Design to injure it, or make any one of it my Enemy: Whenever that Four Thousand Pound falls into my Hands, you'll find it as firmly yours, as if it had been given you, without that odious Condition.

Mar. Madam, I think my self as much oblig'd by this kind Intention, as the Performance: But if your Ladyship could yet find a way to prove this Hypocrite a private Villain to my Father, I am not without Hopes the Publick will soon have enough against him, to give a Turn to the Settlement.

Lady W. But suppose that fails, what will become of your poor Brother?

Mar. But, dear Madam, I cannot suppose this Fellow must not be hang'd at last; and then, you know, the same honest Hand that ties him up, releases the Settlement.

Lady W. Not absolutely, neither; for this very House is given him in present, which, tho' that were to be the End of him, would then be forfeited.

Mar. Why, then my Brother must ev'n petition the Government. There have been Precedents of the same Favour, Madam. If not, he must pay for his Blundering, and lay his next Plot deeper, I think.

Lady W. I am glad you are so cheerful upon it, however; it looks as if you had something *in Petto* to depend upon. But here comes the Doctor.

Enter Sir John, with the Doctor.

Sir John. Daughter, since you have the Happiness to be thought Amiable in the Eye of this Good Man, I expect you give him an instant Opportunity to improve it into an Amity for Life.

Mar.

Mar. I hope, Sir, I shall give him no Occasion to alter his Opinion of me.

Sir John. Why, that's well said; come, Sweet-heart, we'll use no Ceremony. [*Exit Sir John, with Lady W.*]

Maria and the Doctor stand some time mute, in formal Civilities, and a conscious Contempt of each other.

Mar. Please to sit, Sir. — What can the ugly Cur say to me? He seems a little puzzled. This puts me in mind of the tender Interview between Lady Charlotte and Lord Hardy in the Funeral. [*Aside.*]

Doct. Look you, fair Lady, not to make many Words, I am convinc'd, notwithstanding your good Father's Favour, I am not the Person you desire to be alone with, upon this Occasion.

Mar. Your Modesty—is pleas'd to be in the right, Sir.

Doct. Humh! if I don't flatter my self, you have always had a very ill Opinion of me.

Mar. A worse, Sir, of no Mortal breathing.

Doct. Humh! and it is likely it may be immoveable.

Mar. No Rock so firm.

Doct. Humh! from these Premises then, I may reasonably conclude—you hate me heartily.

Mar. Most sincerely, Sir.

Doct. Well! there is, however, some Merit in speaking Truth; therefore to be as just on my side, I ought in Conscience to let you know, that I have as cordial a Contempt for you too.

Mar. O! fy! you flatter me. [*Affecting a Blush.*]

Doct. Indeed I don't; you wrong your own Imperfections to think so.

Mar. These Words from any Tongue but yours, might shock me; but coming from the only Man I hate—they charm me.

Doct. Admirable! there seems good Sense in this: Have you never observ'd, Madam, that sometimes the greatest Discords raise the most agreeable Harmony?

Mar. Yes. But what do you infer from thence?

Doct. That while we still preserve this Temper in our Hate, a mutual Benefit may rise from it.

Mar. O! never fear me, Sir; I shall never fly out; being convinc'd, that nothing gives so sharp a Point to one's

one's Aversion, as good Breeding; as, on the contrary, ill Manners often hide a secret Inclination.

Doct. Most accurately distinguish'd—Well, Madam, is there no Project you can think of now, to turn this mutual Aversion, as I said, into a mutual Benefit?

Mar. None, that I know of, unless we were to marry for our mutual Mortification.

Doct. What would you give then, to avoid marrying me?

Mar. My Life, with Joy, if Death alone cou'd shun you.

Doct. When you marry any other Person—my Consent is necessary.

Mar. So I hear indeed—But pray, *Doctor*, tell me, how could your Modesty receive so insolent a Power, without putting my poor Father out of Countenance with your Blushes?

Doct. You over-rate my Prudence: I sought it not, but he would croud it in among other Obligations: He is good-natur'd, and I could not shock him by a Refusal. Wou'd you have had me plainly told him, what a despicable Opinion I had of his Daughter?

Mar. Or rather, what a favourable one you had of his Wife, Sir?

Doct. Humh, you seem to lose your Temper.

Mar. Why do you suppose, the whole Family does not see it, except my Father?

Doct. If you will keep your Temper, I have something to propose to you.

Mar. Your Reproof is just; but I only rais'd my Voice, to let you know, I know you.

Doct. You might have spar'd your Pains, it being of no Consequence to my Proposal, what you think of me.

Mar. Not unlikely. Come, Sir, I am ready to receive it.

Doct. In one Word then—I take it for granted, that you would marry Mr. *Heartly*—Am I right?

Mar. Once in your Life, you are.

Doct. Nay, no Compliments; let us be plain—Would you marry him?

Mar. You are mighty nice, methinks—Well—I would.

Doct.

Doct. Then I won't consent to it—Now, if you have any Proposal to make me—so—if not, our Amour's at an end; and we part as Civil Enemies, as if we had been married this Twelvemonth—Think of it.

Mar. (*Aside.*) O the mercenary Villain, he wants to have a Fellow-feeling, I find—What shall I do with him—bite him—pretend to comply, and make my Advantage of it—Well, Sir, I understand every thing but the Sum—if we agree upon that, it's a Bargain.

Doct. Half.

Mar. What, Two Thousand Pound for your Consent only?

Doct. Why, is not Two Thousand Pound worth Two Thousand Pound? Don't you actually get so much by it? Is not the half better than nothing? Come, come, say, I have us'd you like a Friend.

Mar. Nay, I think it's the only civil Thing you have done, since you came into the Family.

Doct. Do you then make your Advantage of it.

Mar. Why, as you say, *Doctor*, 'tis better than nothing. But how is my Father to be brought into this?

Doct. Leave that to my Management.

Mar. What Security tho' do you expect for this Money?

Doct. O! when I deliver my Consent in Writing, *Heartly* shall lay it me down in *Bank-Bills*.

Mar. Well! on one Proviso, I'll undertake that too.

Doct. Name it.

Mar. Upon your immediately owning to my Father, that you are willing to give up your Interest to Mr. *Heartly*.

Doct. Humh!—stay—I agree to it—you shall have Proof of it this Evening—But in the mean time, let me warn you too; Don't expect, after I have hinted what you desire to your Father, to make your Advantages now by betraying me to him. You know my Power there; if you do, I can easily give it a Counter-Turn: So discover what you please, I shall only pity you.

Mar. O! I shall not stand in my own Light; I know your Power, and your Conscience too well, dear *Doctor*.

Doct.

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Doct. Nay, I dare depend upon your being true to your own Interest: Here comes your Father, I will break it to him immediately. You'll prepare Mr. *Heartly* in the mean-time.

Mar. Without fail.

Doct. I am satisfied.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Well, Sir, is my Daughter prudent? Has she at last, a true and virtuous Sense of Happiness?

Doct. She understands me better than I hoped, Sir.

Mar. Well said Equivocation. [*Aside.*]

Doct. If you please, Sir *John*, we'll take a Turn in the Garden, I have something there to offer to you.

Sir John. With all my heart, Sir, — *Maria*, — There's a Toy for thee — — — Now thou art again my Daughter. [*Gives her a Ring.*]

Come, Sir, I wait on you.

[*Exeunt Sir John and Doctor.*]

Mar. What this Fellow's Original was, I know not; but by his Conscience and Cunning, he would make an admirable Jesuit — Here comes my Brother, and I hope with a good Account of him — — — Well! Brother, What Success?

Enter Colonel.

Col. All that my honest Heart could wish for — Substantial Affidavits! that will puzzle him to answer; I have planted a Messenger at the next Door, who has a Warrant in his Pocket, when I give the Word, to take him.

Mar. Why should not you do it immediately, he's now in the Garden with my Father.

Col. No; our seizing him now for Treason, I am afraid won't convince my Father of his Villany: My Design is not only to get my Father out of his hands, but to drive the pernicious Principles he has instill'd, out of my Father too.

Mar. That I doubt will be difficult.

Col. Not at all, if we can first prove him a private Villain to him. My Father's Honesty will soon reflect, and may receive as sudden a Turn as his Credulity.

Mar.

Mar. That's true again; and I hope I am furnish'd with a new Occasion to begin the Alarm to him.

Col. Pray what is't?

Mar. Not to trouble you with Particulars; but in short, I have agreed with the *Doctor*, that *Heartly* shall give him Two Thousand Pounds for his Consent; without which, you know, by my Father's late Settlement, *Heartly* and I can never come together.

Col. And does the Monster really insist upon't?

Mar. Not only that, but ev'n defies me to make an Advantage of the Discovery.

Col. One would think the Villain suspects his Footing in the Family is but short-liv'd; he is in such haste to have his Pennyworths out on't. But prithee, Sister, What Secret's this, that you have yet behind in those Writings that *Charles* brought to you?

Mar. O! that's what I can't yet tell you.

Col. Why, pray?

Mar. Because, when you have done all you can, I am resolv'd to reserve some Merit against him to my self.

Col. But why do you suppose I would not assist in it?

Mar. You can't, it's now too late.

Col. Pshaw! this is rash, and ridiculous.

Mar. Ay, may be so; I suppose *Heartly* will be of that Opinion too: But if he is, you had better advise him to keep it to himself.

Col. You will have your obstinate Way, I find.

Mar. It can't be worse than yours, I'm sure; remember how you came off in your last Project; I know you meant well, but you are dis-inherited for all that.

Col. That's no Surprize to me; but I am asham'd however.

Mar. By the way; What have you done with *Heartly*? why is he not here?

Col. He has been here, but you must excuse him; he was obliged to call in haste for *Charles*, whom he took home with him in his own Coach, where his Father waited to receive him.

Mar. The poor Boy by this Time then has seen him. Sure their meeting must have been a moving Sight; I would give the World methinks for a true Account of it.

Col.

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Col. You'll have it from *Heartly* by and by ; 'tis at his House they meet: The Father, Sir *Charles Trueman*, hapned to be *Heartly*'s intimate Acquaintance.

Mar. Well! I own *Heartly* has gain'd upon me by this.

Col. I am glad to hear that at least. But I must let my Lady know what Progress we have made in the *Doctor*'s Business, and beg her Assistance to finish him.
[Exit *Col.*]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, Mr. *Heartly*.

Mar. Desire him to walk in.

Enter Heartly.

Heart. To find you thus alone, Madam, was an Happiness I did not expect from the Temper of our last parting,

Mar. I should have been as well pleas'd now to have been thank'd as reproach'd for my Good-Nature; but you will be in the Right, I find.

Heart. Indeed you took me wrong; I litterally meant, that I was afraid you would not so soon think I had deserv'd this Favour.

Mar. Well, then, one of us has been in the wrong at least.

Heart. 'Twas I, I own it——More is not in my power; all the Amends that have been, I have made you: My very Joy of seeing you, has waited, till what you had at Heart unask'd, was perfected; my own Pardon was postpon'd, till I had secur'd one ev'n for a Rival's Life, whom you so justly had compassionated.

Mar. Pooh! But why would you say *unask'd* now? Don't you consider your doing it so, is half the Merit of the Action?——Lord! you have no Art; you should have left me to have taken Notice of that; only imagine now, how kind, and handsome an Acknowledgement you have robb'd me of?

Heart. And yet how artfully you have paid it? With what a wanton, charming Ease you play upon my Tenderness?

Mar. Well, but was not you silly now?

Heart. (*Gazing on her.*) Come——You shall not be serious——You can't be more agreeable.

D

Mar.

Mar. O! but I am serious.

Heart. Then I'll be so—Do you forgive me all?

Mar. What. [*Looking on her Fan, as not hearing him.*]

Heart. Are we Friends, Maria?

Mar. O Lord! but you have told me nothing of poor Charles; Pray how did his Father receive him?

Heart. Must you needs know that, before you answer me?

Mar. Lord! you are never well till you have talk'd one out of Countenance.

Heart. Come, I won't be too particular, you shall answer nothing—Give me but your Hand only.

Mar. Pshah! I won't pull off my Glove, not I.

Heart. I'll take it as it is then.

Mar. Lord! there, there, eat it, eat it.

[*Putting it awkwardly to him.*]

Heart. And so I could by Heav'n.

[*Kisses it eagerly, and pulls off her Glove.*]

Mar. O my Glove! my Glove! my Glove!——
Pooh! you are in a perfect Storm! Lord; if you make such a Rout with one's Hand only, what would you do if you had one's Heart?

Heart. That's impossible to tell——But you were asking me of Charles, Madam.

Mar. O! ay that's true! Well, now you are good again——Come tell me all that Affair, and then you shall see——how I will like you. [*Wantonly.*]

Heart. O! that I could thus play with Inclination!

Mar. Pshah! but you don't tell me now.

Heart. There is not much to tell——Where two such tender Passions met, Words had but faintly spoke them. The Son conducted to the Door, with sudden Fear stopt short, and bursting into Sighs, o'ercharg'd with Shame, and Joy, had almost fainted in my Arms. The Father, touch'd with his Concern, mov'd forward with a kindly Smile to meet him. At this he took new Life, and springing from his Hold, fell prostrate at his Feet; where mute, and trembling, for a while he lay: At length with streaming Eyes, and faultring Tongue, he begg'd his Blessing, and his Pardon. The tender Father caught him in his Arms, and dropping his fond Head upon his Cheek, kissed him, and sigh'd out,

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Heaven protect thee! then gave into his Hand the Royal Pardon; and turning back his Face to dry his manly Eyes, he cry'd, *Deserve this Royal Mercy, Charles, and I am still thy Father.* The grateful Youth, raising his Heart-swollen Voice, reply'd, *May Heaven preserve the Royal Life that gave it.* But here, their Passions grew too strong for farther Speech: Silent Embraces, alternate Sighs, and mingling Tears, were all their Language now. The moving Scene became too tender for my Eyes, and call'd methought for Privacy; there unperceiv'd I left them, to recover into breathing Sense, and utterable Joy.

Mar. Well! of all the inmost Transports of the Soul, there's none that dance into the Heart, like Friendly Reconcilements.

Heart. Those Transports might be ours, *Maria*, would you but try your Power to pardon.

Mar. Which of those Two now do you think was happiest at that Meeting?

Heart. O! the Father, doubtless; Great Souls feel a kind of honest Glory in Forgiving, that far exceeds the Transport of receiving Pardon.

Mar. Now I think to bend the stubborn Mind to ask it, is an equal Conquest; and the Joy superior to receive, where the Heart wishes to be under Obligations.

Heart. Put me into the happy Boy's Condition, and I may then, perhaps, resolve you better.

Mar. You shall positively bring him into Acquaintance.

Heart. Upon my Word I will.

Mar. And shew him to all the Women of Taste; and I'll have you call him my pretty Fellow too.

Heart. I will indeed: but hear me——

Mar. I'm positive, if he had White Stockings he would cut down all the Dangers at Court in a Fortnight!

Heart. O! no doubt on't; but——

Mar. You can't conceive how prettily he makes Love now.

Heart. Not so well, as you make your Defence, *Maria*.

Mrr. O Lord! I had forgot——he's to teach me Greek too.

Heart. O, the trifling Tyrant ! How long, *Maria*, do you think you can find out new Evasions for what I say unto you ?

Mar. Lord you are horrid silly ! But since 'tis Love that makes you such a Dunce—poor *Heartly*,——I forgive you. [*Enter Colonel, unseen.*]

Heart. That's kind, however——But to compleat my Joy, be kinder yet——and——

Mar. O ! I can't, I can't——Lord ! did you never ride a Horse-Match ?

Heart. Was ever so wild a Question ?

Mar. Because if you have, it runs in my Head, you certainly gallop'd a Mile beyond the Winning-Post to make sure on't.

Heart. Now I understand you : But since you will have me touch every thing so very tenderly, *Maria*, how shall I find proper Words to ask you the Lover's last necessary Question ?

Mar. O ! there's a thousand Points to be adjusted, before that's answer'd.

Col. (*Coming unexpectedly between them.*) Name them this Moment then, for positively this is the last Time of asking.

Mar. Pishah ! Who sent for you ?

Col. I only came to teach you to speak plain *English*, my Dear.

Mar. Lord ! mind your own Business, can't you ?

Col. So I will ; for I will make you do more of yours in two Minutes, than you would have done without me in a Twelvemonth. Why, how now ! What ! do you think the Man's to dangle after your ridiculous *Airs* for ever ?

Mar. This is mighty pretty.

Col. You'll say so on *Thursday* Sevensnight, (for let Affairs take what Turn they will in the Family) that's positively your Wedding-Day—Nay, you shan't stir.

Mar. Was ever such Assurance ?

Heart. Upon my Life, Madam, I am out of Countenance, I don't know how to behave myself to him.

Mar. No, no, let him go on, only——This is beyond whatever was known, sure !

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Heart. Admirable! I hope it will come to something. [*Aside.*

Col. Ha! ha! If I were to leave you to yourselves now, what a Couple of pretty out-of-countenance Figures you would make; humming and hawing upon the vulgar Points of Jointure and Pin-money?—Come, come! I know what's proper o'both sides, you shall leave it to me.

Heart. I had rather *Maria* would name her own Terms to me.

Col. Have you a mind to any thing particular?

[*To Maria.*

Mar. Why sure! what! do you think I'm only to be fill'd out here as you please, and sweetned, and sipp'd up like a Dish of *Bohea*?

Col. Why, pray Madam, when your Tea's ready, what have you to do but to drink it? But you, I suppose, expect a Lover's Heart like your Lamp, should be always flaming at your Elbow, and when it's ready to go out, you indolently supply it with the Spirit of Contradiction.

Mar. And so you suppose, that your Assurance has made an end of this Matter?

Col. Not till you have given him your hand upon it.

Mar. That then would compleat it.

Col. Perfectly.

Mar. Why then take it, *Heartly*.

[*Giving her Hand to Heartly.*

Heart. O soft Surprise! Extatick Joy!

Mar. Now I presume you are in high Triumph, Sir.

[*To the Col.*

Col. No, Sister, now you are consistent with that good Sense I always thought you Mistress of.

Mar. I'm afraid, Mr. *Heartly*, we are both oblig'd to him.

Heart. If you think so, *Maria*; my Heart—

Is under double Obligations laid. [*Embracing him.*

Col. —If it cements our Friendship, I am overpaid.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

Heartly, and Maria.

Mar. **W**ELL, now, *Heartly*, you have nothing to do but to look forward, and, if possible, to forget what I have been to you: Though 'tis a horrid Restraint you lay upon our Sex: You first make it the Business of your Lives to blow up our Vanity, and then preposterously expect we should be prudent and humble: That is, you invite us to a Feast, where 'tis criminal to taste, or have an Appetite; you put a Sword into a Child's Hand, and then are angry if it does Mischief.

Heart. You give up too much, *Maria*; I never treated you so: What might have been Flattery to most Women, was but honest Truth to you.

Mar. Why look you there now! Is not that enough to turn any poor Woman into a Changeling?

Heart. No, because 'tis true; charge me with a Falshood and I submit.

Mar. Nay then, did you not once tell me, that all my Aims and Follies were merely put on in compliance to the World, and that good Sense was only natural to me; that ev'n my Affectation (I have not forgot your Words) carried more Sincerity, than the serious Vows of other Women?

Heart. By all my Happiness I think so still.

Mar. What, seriously?

Heart. Upon my Soul I do.

Mar. Lord! that's delightful! Do you really love me then, *Heartly*? Do, tell me, for now I begin to believe every thing you say to me. But don't neither—I am vain still—'Twas my Vanity that made me ask you.

Heart. Now I don't take it so.

Mar. There was some in't, I am sure, tho' it begins to dwindle, I can tell you.

Heart. No matter, I love you as you are, I would not have you lose your Pleasantry, *Maria*.

Mar. Well, do, let me be filly sometimes.

Heart. O! I can play with you for that Matter.

Mar. Pshaw! you'll laugh at me.

Heart. Not while you are good in Essentials.

Mar. Indeed I'll be very good.

Heart. O fy! that will be the way to make me so.

Mar. Lord! what signifies Sense, where there is so much Pleasure in Folly?

Heart. No perfect Passion ever was without it; the Pleasure would subside, were we always to be wise in it.

Mar. For my part I think so: But will you really stand to the Agreement tho', that I have made with the Doctor?

Heart. Why not? You shall not break your Word upon my account, tho' he might be a Villain you gave it to.

Mar. Well, I take it as a Compliment; not but I have some Hopes of getting over it, and justly too; but don't let me tell you now. I love to surprize—Tho' you shall know all if you desire it.

Heart. No, *Maria*, I don't want the Secret; I am satisfied in your Inclination to trust me.

Mar. Well then, I'll keep the Secret, only to shew you, that you upon Occasion may trust me with one.

Heart. After that, *Maria*, it would be wronging you to ask it: But pray, Madam, has the Doctor yet given you any Proof of his having declin'd his Interest to your Father?

Mar. Yes, he told me just now, he had brought him to pause upon it, and does not question in two Days to compleat it; but desires in the mean time you will be ready and punctual with the *Premium*.

Heart. Suppose I should talk with Sir *John* my self; 'tis true he has slighted me of late, but however, I ought at least to ask his Consent, tho' I have but little Hopes of it.

Mar. By all means, do so—Here he comes—This may open another Scene of Action too, that we are preparing for.

Enter Sir John, and Lady Woodvil, who walks apart with Maria.

Sir John. Mr. *Heartly*, I am glad I have met with you here.

Heart. I have endeavour'd twice to-day, Sir, to pay my Respects to you.

Sir John. Sir, I'll be plain with you—I went out to avoid you; but where the Welfare of a Child is concern'd, you must not take it ill, if we don't stand upon Ceremony.—However, since I have Reason now to be more in Temper, than perhaps I was, at that Time, I shall be glad to talk with you.

Heart. I take it as a Favour, Sir.

Sir John. Sir,—Doctor *Wolf* informs me, that he is well assured you were born the Year before the Revolution: Now, Sir, I should be glad to be well satisfied in that Point; a greater Consequence depending on it, perhaps than you imagine.

Heart. Sir, I have been always told that was my Age; but for your farther Satisfaction, I appeal to the Register.

Sir John. Sir, I dare believe you, and am glad to hear it.

Hear. But pray, Sir, may I beg leave to ask, why you are so concern'd to know this?

Sir John. Because, Sir, if this be true, I am satisfied you may be a *regular Christian*; the Doubt of which, may have, perhaps, done you some Disservice in my private Opinion.

Heart. Sir, if that can reconcile me to it, I shall be thankful for the Benefit, without considering why I that way came to deserve it.

Sir John. That Argument might hold us now too long.—But, Sir,—here's the Case—your Principles and mine have the Misfortune to differ: Yours being (as I take it) entirely on the Revolution side.

Heart. If I am not misinform'd, Sir, you yourself commanded a Regiment in Defence of it.

Sir John. I did so, and thought it just.—'T would be fruitless, perhaps, to offer you the Reasons, that since have alter'd my Opinion: But now, Sir, even supposing that I err in Principle, you must still allow, that Conscience is the Rule that every honest Man ought to walk by.

Heart. 'Tis granted, Sir.

Sir John. Then give me leave to tell you, Sir, that giving you my Daughter, would be to act against that Conscience I pretend to, and consequently the same Ties

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oblige me to bestow her, where the same Principles with mine, I think deserve her.——Now, Sir, consult your own Honour, and tell me, how you can still pursue my Daughter, without doing Violence to mine?

Heart. But, Sir, to shorten this Dispute, suppose the Doctor (whom I presume you design her for) actually consents to give me up his Interest; might not that soften your Objections to me?

Sir John. But why do you suppose, Sir, he would give up his Interest?

Heart. I only judge from what your Daughter tells me, Sir.

Sir John. My Daughter?

Heart. I appeal to her.

Mar. And I appeal even to your self, Sir——Has not the Doctor just now in the Garden spoke in favour of Mr. *Heartly* to you? Nay, pray, Sir, be plain, because more depends on that, than you can easily imagine or believe.

Sir John. What senseless Insinuation have you got in your Head now?

Mar. Be so kind, Sir, first to answer me, that I may be better able to inform you.

Sir John. Well, I own he has declin'd his Interest, in favour of Mr. *Heartly*: But I must tell you, Madam, he did it in so modest, so friendly, so good-natur'd, so conscientious a Manner, that I now think my self more than ever bound in Honour to espouse him.

Mar. But now, Sir, (only for Argument sake) suppose I could prove, that all this seeming Virtue was utterly artificial; that his Regard to Mr. *Heartly* was neither founded upon Modesty, Friendship, Good-nature, nor Conscience; or in short, that he has basely betray'd and sold the Trust you made him; like a Villain barter'd, bargain'd to give me to Mr. *Heartly*, for half the Four Thousand Pound you have valued his Consent at: I say, suppose this were the Case, where would be his Virtue then, Sir?

Sir John. And I say 'tis impious to suppose it.

Heart. Under Favour, Sir, how is it possible your Daughter could know the Doctor had spoke to you

upon this Head, if he himself had not told her so, in consequence of his Agreement?

Sir John. Sir, I don't admit your Consequence: Her knowing it from him is no Proof, that he might not still resign her from a Principle of Modesty or Good-Nature.

Mar. Then, Sir, from what Principle must you suppose that I accuse him?

Sir John. From an obstinate Prejudice to all that's Good and Virtuous.

Mar. That's too hard, Sir. What Blot has stain'd my Life, that you can think so of me? But, Sir, the worst your Opinion can provoke me to, is to marry Mr. Heartly, without either his Consent or yours.

Sir John. What, do you brave me, Madam?

Mar. [*in Tears*] No, Sir, but I scorn a Lye, and will so far vindicate my Integrity, as to insist on your believing me; if not, as a Child whom you abandon, I have a Right to throw my self into other Arms for Protection.

Heart. O Maria! how thy Spirit charms me! [*Apart to her.*]

Sir John. I am confounded! those Tears cannot be counterfeit, nor can this be true.

Lady W. Indeed, my Dear, I fear it is, it would be cruel to her Concern to think it wholly false; can you suppose she'd urge so gross an Accusation only to expose her self to the Justice of your Resentment?

Sir John. What, are you against him too? then he has no Friend but me, and I cannot, at so short a Warning, give him up to Infamy and Baseness.

Lady W. Good Sir, be compos'd, and ask your Heart one farther Question.

Sir John. What would you say to me?

Lady W. In all our mutual Course of Happiness, have I ever yet deceiv'd you with a Falshood?

Sir John. Never, I grant it, nor has my honest Heart yet wrong'd thy Goodness with a jealous Thought of it.

Lady W. Would you then believe me, should I accuse him too? even of Crimes, that Virtue blushes but to mention.

Sir John. To what Extravagance would you drive me?

Lady W. I would before have undeceiv'd you, when his late Artifice turn'd the honest Duty of your Son, into his own Reproach and Ruin: But knowing then your Temper was inaccessible, I durst not offer it. But now, in better hope of being believ'd, I here avow the Truth of all he was accus'd of then.

Sir John. Will you distract me! my Senses could not be deceiv'd.

Lady W. Indeed they were; he saw you listning, and at the instant turn'd his impious bare-fac'd Love to me, into equivocal Intercessions pretending to *Maria*.

Sir John. You startle me.

Lady W. Could you otherwise suppose, your Son would have brought you to be Witness of his own weak Malice in accusing him?

Sir John. I'm all Astonishment.

Lady W. Come, Sir, suspend your Wonder, respite your Belief even of this, till grosser Evidence convinces you: Suppose I here, before your face, should let you see his Villany, make him repeat his odious Love to me, at once throw off his Mask, and show the bare-fac'd Traytor?

Sir John. Is it possible? Make me but Witness of that Fact, and I shall soon accuse my self, and own my folly equal to his Baseness: but pardon me, as I in such a Case would not believe, ev'n him accusing you, so am I bound in equal Charity to think, you yet may be deceiv'd, in what you charge on him.

Lady W. 'Tis just—let it be so—we'll yet suppose him innocent, till you your self pronounce him guilty: and since I have stak'd my Faith upon the Truth of what I urge, 'tis fit we bring him to immediate Tryal: But then Sir, I must beg you to descend even to the poor Shifts we are reduc'd to.

Sir John. All, to any thing to ease me of my Doubts, propose them.

Lady W. They that would set Toils for Beasts of Prey, must lurk in humble Caves to watch their Haunts.

Sir John. Place me where you please.

Lady W. Under this Table is your only Stand, the Carpet will conceal you.

Sir John. Be it so, I'll take my Post, what more?

Lady W. Mr. *Hearthly*, shall we beg your leave, and you *Maria*, take the least suspected way to send the *Doctor* to me immediately.

Mar. I have a Thought will do it, Madam,—come Sir. [*Exit Mar. and Heart.*]

Lady W. Here Sir, take this Cushion, you will be easier, [*Sir John goes under the Table.*] Now Sir, you must consider how desperate a Disease I have undertaken to cure, therefore you must not winch nor stir too soon, at any Freedom you observe me take with him; be sure lie close and still, and when the Proof is full, appear at your Discretion.

Sir John. Fear not, I'll be patient.

Lady W. Hush! he comes.

Enter Doctor with a Book.

Doct. Your Woman told me, Madam, you were here alone, and desir'd to speak with me.

Lady W. I did Sir, but that we may be sure we are alone, pray shut the outward Door, and see that Passage too be clear, another Surprise might ruin us—— is all safe?

Doct. I have taken care, Madam.

Lady W. I am afraid I interrupt your Meditations.

Doct. Say rather you improve them: You, Madam, were the Subject of my solitary Thoughts, I take in all the little Aids I can to guard my Frailty, and truly I have receiv'd great Consolation from an unfortunate Example here before me.

Lady W. Pray of what kind, Sir?

Doct. I had just dipt into poor *Eloisa's* Passion for *Abelard*; It is indeed a piteous Conflict! How terrible! How penitent a Sense she shews of guilty Pleasures past, and fruitless Pains to shut them from her Memory!

Lady W. I have read her Story, Sir.

Doct. Is it not pitiful?

Lady W. A Heart of Stone might feel for her.

Doct. O! think then, what I endure for you, such are my Pains; but such is my Sincerity, tho' I fear my being reduc'd to feign a Passion for *Maria*, in my late Surprise, has done dishonour to the Vows I then preferr'd to you.

Lady W. 'Twas on that point, I wanted now to talk

with you, not knowing then, how far you might mistake my Silence: Now had I clos'd with the Colonel in Accusing you, it would have been plain I was your Enemy; as had I join'd in your Defence against him, it had been as grossly evident I was his; but since I have Uses for his Friendship, and, as I saw your Credit with Sir John needed no support, I hope you'll think betwixt the two Extremes I have acted but a prudent Part.

Doct. Let me presume to hope then; what I did, you judge was self-Defence, and pure Necessity.

Lady W. 'Twas wonderful! surprising to perfection! The Wit of it——but I won't tell you, what effect it had upon me.

Doct. Why, Madam? let me beseech you.

Lady W. No, 'twas nothing——beside——what need you ask me?

Doct. Why do you thus decoy my foolish Heart, and feed it with such *Hybla* Drops of Flattery? You cannot sure think kindly of me.

Lady W. O well-feign'd Fear! You too, I find, can flatter in your turn: You know how well the subtle force of Modesty prevails. O Men! Men! Men!

Doct. 'Twere Arrogance to think I have deserv'd this Goodness: but treat me as you please, I'll be at least sincere to you, and frankly own, I still suspect, that all this softning Favour is but Artifice.

Lady W. Well! well! I'd have you think so.

Doct. What Transport would it give, to be assur'd I wrong you! but O! I fear this Shadow of Compliance is only meant to lure me from *Maria*, and then as fond *Ixion's* were of old, to fill my Arms with Air.

Lady W. Methinks this Doubt of me, seems rather founded on your second Thoughts of not resigning her; 'tis she, I find, is your substantial Happiness.

Doct. O that you could but fear I thought so! how easy 'twere to prove my Coldness, or my Love?

Lady W. O Sir, you have convinc'd me now of both.

Doct. Can all this pretty Anger then be real? take heed, fair Creature, it flatters more, than Kindness.

Lady W. I can assure you, Sir, I should have spar'd you this trouble, had I known how deeply you were engag'd to her.

Doct. Nay then I must believe you ; but indeed you wrong me, to prove my Innocence ; 'tis not an Hour since I press'd Sir *John* to give *Maria* to young *Hearthly*.

Lady W. O! all Artifice! you knew that modest Resignation, would make Sir *John* but warmer in your Interest.

Doct. Since you will rip the Secret from my Heart—know then, I actually have sold her like a Bauble, to her Childish Lover, for two thousand times her Value.

Lady W. Are you serious?

Doct. As this is true, or false, may I in you be blest, or miserable.

Lady W. But how can you suppose Sir *John* will ever hear of it?

Doct. Alas! poor Man! he knows not his own Weakness, he's molded into any Shape, if you but gently stroke his Humour: I dare depend on his Consent—beside, I intend to-morrow to persuade him 'tis for the Interest of our Cause it should be so, and then I have him sure.

Lady W. Fy! how is that possible? he can't be so implicitly credulous, you don't take him sure for a *Roman* Catholic.

Doct. Um—not absolutely —But, poor Soul! he little thinks how near he is one. 'Tis true, name to him but *Rome*, or *Poper*y, he startles, as at a Monster: But gild its grossest Doctrines with the Stile of *English* Catholic, he swallows down the Poison, like a Cordial.

Lady W. Nay, if he's so far in your Power, it cannot fail, he must consent: well Sir, now I give you leave to guess the Reason, why I too, at our last meeting, so warmly press'd you to resign *Maria*.

Doct. Is it possible? was I then so early your Concern?

Lady W. You cannot blame me sure, for having there oppos'd your Happiness.

Doct. I die upon the Transport. [*Taking her Hand.*]

Lady W. Be sure you are secret now: your least Imprudence makes these, like fairy Favours, vanish in a Moment.

Doct. How can you form so vain a Fear?

Lady W. Call it not vain, for let our Converse end in what it may, you still shall find, my Fame is dear to me, as Life.

Doct. Where can it find so sure a guard? the grave Austerity of my Life will strike Suspicion dumb, and yours may mock the Malice of Detraction: I am no giddy, loose-liv'd Courtier, whose false Professions end only in his Boast of Favours: No, fair spotless Miracle, the Mysteries of Love are only fit for Hearts recluse, and elevate as mine? my Happiness, like yours, depending on my Secrecy.

Lady W. 'Tis you must answer for this Folly.

Doct. I take it whole upon my self, the guilt be only mine, but be our Transports mutual—come lovely Creature, let us withdraw to privacy, where murmuring Love shall hush thy Fears, and lose them in the burning Joy.

[*Sir John stepping softly behind him, seizes him by the*
Sir John. Traytor! *Throat.*]

Doct. Ah! (*Astonish'd.*)

Sir John. Is this thy Sanctity? this thy Doctrine! these thy Meditations! If stung with my Abuses I now should stab thee to the Heart, what Devil durst murmur 'twere not an Act of Justice? But since thy vile Hypocrisy unmask'd, must make Mankind abhor thee, be thy own shame, thy living Punishment.

Doct. Do, triumph Sir—your Artifice has well succeeded—I see your ends, you needed not so deep a Plot to part with me. *[Trembling.]*

Sir John. Suppress thy weak Evasions—Ungrateful Wretch! Have I for this redeem'd thee from the Jaws of gaping Poverty, fed, cloath'd, loved, prefer'd thee to my Bosom, to my Family, and Fortune; Wife, Children, Friends, Servants, all that were not Friends to thee, accounted as my Enemies; nay more, to crown my Faith in thee, I have relied on thy Integrity ev'n for my future Happiness: And how hast thou, in one short Day requited me? Taking the Advantage of my blinded Passion, thou hast turn'd the Duty of my Son to his Undoing; sordidly hast sold the Trust I made thee of my Daughter, attempted, like a felonious Traytor, to seduce my Wife, and hast, I fear, with poisonous Doctrines too ensnar'd my Soul.

Lady W. Now Heav'n be prais'd his Heart seems conscious of his Error.

Sir *John*. But why do I reproach thee? Had I not been the weakest of Mankind, thou never could'st have prov'd so great a Villain——Whether Heaven intends all this to punish or to save me, yet I know not; my Senses stagger at the View, and my Reflection's lost in wild Astonishment. [*He stands musing.*]

Doct. This Snare was worthy of you, Madam, 'tis you have made this Villain of me. [*Apart to Lady W.*]

Lady W. You would have made me worse, but I have only shewn him what you were before.

Doct. I thank you.

Lady W. Thank your own Ingratitude and Wickedness: but I must now pursue my Victory. [*Exit Lady W.*]

Doct. [*Apart.*] No: it ends not here. He was not brought to listen to this Proof alone! There's something deeper yet design'd against me—I must be speedy—Suppose I talk with *Charles*, alarm him with our common Danger, point out his Ruin as our only means of Safety, and like the Panther in the Toil provok'd, turn short with Vengeance on my Hunters.

Sir *John*. What! still within my fight! Of all my Follies, which is it tells thee, that I now shall keep my Temper?

Doct. [*Turning boldly to him.*] Whom do you menace, me Sir? Reflect upon your own Condition first, and where you are.

Sir *John*. What would the Villain drive at! I prithee leave me, I cannot look on thee; thy overbearing Insolence confounds me: But since thy Wickedness has turn'd my Eyes upon myself, and to thy Crimes detected, I hope to owe my future Innocence, as the sore Wound the Viper gives, the Viper best can cure. For that one good may Heaven like me forgive thee: but seek thy bidding in some other place——out of my House, this Instant: hence! be gone! and see my shameful Face no more.

Doct. Nay then, 'tis time to be myself, and let you know, that I am Master here; turn you out, Sir, this House is mine: and now, Sir, at your Peril dare to insult me.

Sir *John*. O! Heaven! 'tis true; thou hast disarm'd my Justice, and turn'd its Sword into my own weak

Bosom——I had forgot my Folly, 'tis fit it should be so; and Heaven is just, at once to let me see my Crime and Punishment——O my poor injur'd Son! —Whither shall I fly to hide me from the World?

Enter Lady Woodvil.

Lady W. Whither are you going, Sir?

Sir John. I know not——but here it seems I am a Trespasser—the Master of this House has warn'd me hence; and since the Right is now in him, 'tis just I should resign it.

Lady W. You shall not stir: he dares not act with such abandon'd Insolence. No, Sir, Possession still is yours; if he pretends a Right, let him by open Course of Law maintain it.

Doct. Are these the shifts you are reduc'd to? No, Madam, I shall not wait so slow a Vengeance, you'll find I have a shorter way to rout you.—Here, Charles!

[Exit Doctor.]

Sir John. Nay then there is an end of all—I have provok'd a Serpent——my Life, I see, must pay the Forfeit of my Folly.

Lady W. Come, Sir, take heart; your Life, in spite of him, is free, and I hope your Actions too: However, tell me freely, have you rashly done any thing, for which the Law may question you?

Sir John. I think not strictly; 'tis true I have lately trusted him with Sums of Money, which he pretended, if accounted for, might endanger both of us.

Lady W. O! the subtle Villain! those Sums are innocent, I dare answer for them: But is there nothing more.

Sir John. Not, that I can call to mind, more criminal.

Lady W. Pray tell the worst, that we may arm against him.

Sir John. Sometimes with my own hand, I have reliev'd the Wants of wretched Prisoners to the State.

Lady W. We have no Laws that frown on Acts of Charity; if that were criminal, the Government itself is guilty.

Sir John. How far our private Converse may affect me——that I know not. If Charles betrays me not, I think his Malice cannot reach me.

Lady W. Then Sir, be easy, for he has lost his Influence there: *Charles* has long since perceiv'd his Villany, and grew from thence a secret Convert to the Cause of Truth, and Loyalty: of which he has given such meritorious Proof, that Mr. *Hearty* and your Son, this very Day, Sir, have obtain'd his Pardon.

Sir John. You tell me Wonders! pardon'd! and a Convert say you! How strongly are our Hearts persuaded by Example! what Darknefs have I wander'd in! How amiable is such Royal Mercy! yet with what hardned Malice, has that Slave traduced it?

Enter Maria hastily.

Mar. O Sir! I am frighted out of my Senses! for Heavens sake be gone! Fly, this Moment, this wicked Fellow has Designs upon your Life.

Lady W. How!

Sir John. What dost thou mean? explain.

Mar. As I was passing by the Hall, I heard him earnest in Discourse with *Charles*, and upon their Naming you, I stopt a while to listen, where I heard the Doctor urge to him, that you were false at Heart, that from your late frivolous pretence to break with him, he was convinc'd your Malice now would stop at nothing to undo him; that *Charles* himself was equally in danger, and that to save your own Life, you certainly design'd to sacrifice theirs to the Government, which there was no possibility of preventing, but by their immediate joining in a Charge of Treason against you.

Lady W. O the Villain! 'tis well we are secure in *Charles*.

Sir John. If we are not, why be it as it may — I will not stir — I'll stand upon my Innocence, or if that's betray'd, will throw me on the Mercy of that Royal Breast, whose Vertues my Credulity has injur'd.

Lady W. and *Mar.* Ah! [*A Pistol is heard from within.*]

Sir John. What means that Pistol?

Lady W. Don't stir, I beg you Sir.

Mar. What Terrors has this Monster brought into our Family?

Lady W. What will it end it?

Sir John. How wretched has my Folly made me?

Lady W. How now, what's the matter?

Enter Betty.

Bet. O dear Madam! I shall faint away, there's Murder doing.

Sir John. Who! where, what is it!

Bet. The Doctor Sir, and Mr. Charles, were at high words just now in the Hall, and upon a sudden there was a Pistol fir'd between them: Oh! I am afraid poor Mr. Charles is kill'd.

Sir John. How!

Bet. Oh! here he comes himself, Sir, he will tell you more.

Enter Heartly, Charles, and the Doctor held by Servants.

Heart. Here bring in this Ruffian, this is Villany beyond Example.

Sir John. What means this Outrage?

Lady W. I tremble.

Charles. Don't be alarm'd, Madam, there's no Mischief done; what was intended, the Doctor here can best inform you.

Doct. [to Heartly.] You Sir shall answer for this Insult? • What am I held for? who's here, that dares assume a Right to question me?

Heart. Keep your Temper, Sir, we'll release you presently, but Sir John must first know the bottom of his Obligations to you.

Sir John. Mr. Heartly, I am asham'd to look on you.

Doct. What Sir! shall my own Servant abuse me, brave me, lift his Hand against me, and I not dare to punish him?

Heart. Your Servant Sir! we know him better.

Doct. Then Sir, I demand my liberty, that the Government too may know him.

Charles. Yes, and let it too be known, you first seduc'd me to rebel, and now would have me expiate my Offence with Perjury.

Doct. How Sir?

Charles. Yes, Perjury! for such it must have been, should I have charg'd, as you'd have had me, this Gentleman with Treason: What Facts have I been privy to, that reach that Name? The worst I know of him, is, that all the factious Falshoods you have rais'd against the best of Princes, he, blinded with your Hypocrisy, believ'd.

Doct. 'Tis well, Sir, you are protected now.

Charles. This, Sir, in short has been our Cause of Quarrel: The *Doctor* finding I receiv'd with Coldness his vile Designs against your Life, began to offer Menaces on mine, if I comply'd not; at which I smiling told him, the Disappointments of his Love had made him desperate: This stung him into Rage, and fastning at my Throat, he answer'd, Villain! you'll be humbler when you groan in Chains for this. Here indeed all Temper left me, when disengaging from his hold, with one home Blow I fell'd him reeling to the Pavement; at this grown desperate, he ran with Fury to some Pistols that hung above the Chimney, to revenge him; I in the Instant as he reach'd one, seiz'd upon his Wrist, and as we grappled, Sir, the Pistol firing to the Cieling, alarm'd the Family, when Mr. *Heartly*, and your Servants rush'd in to part us.

Sir John. Infatiate Villain! O my Shame!

Doct. Well Sir! now you have heard this mighty Charge! what have you more against me?

Heart. More, Sir, I hope is needless, but if Sir *John* is yet unsatisfy'd—

Sir John. O! I have seen too much! every new instance of his Wickedness but adds afresh to my Confusion.

Lady W. Now, Sir, is your time. }

Heart. I go this Minute, Madam. } *Apart.*

Doct. I value not your whisper'd Menaces, for know to your confusion, my Vengeance is not yet defeated: You'll find, Sir, that to rebel, or to conceal a Rebel, are in the eye of the Law both equal Acts of Treason: That fact I'm sure is evident against you: There! there stands in proof the stripling Traytor you have shelter'd! This, Sir, your whole Family can charge you with, and swear it home they shall, or load their Souls with Perjury. But then to dash your few remaining Days with Bitterness of Misery, remember I, Sir, whom mortally you hate, succeed the instant Heir to your Possessions. Now farewell, and let Disgrace and Beggary be your Childrens Portion.

As he is going out, the Colonel stops him.

Col. Hold Sir, not so fast; you cannot pass.

Doct. Who, Sir, shall dare to stop me?

Col. Within there! March!

Enter a Messenger, with a File of Musqueteers.

Mess. Is your Name *Wolf*, Sir?

Doct. What if it be, Sir?

Mess. Then, Sir, I have a Warrant against you for High Treason.

Doct. Me, Sir!

[Startled.]

Mess. Do you know one Colonel *Perth*, Sir?

Doct. Ha! then I am betray'd indeed.

Heart. This *Perth*, it seems, Sir, has manag'd his Correspondence at *Avignon*, from whence he came last Night Express: but the Government having immediate Notice of his Arrival, he was this Morning seiz'd, and examin'd before the Council; where, among other Facts, he has confess'd he knew the *Doctor* actually in Arms at the first rebellious rising in *Northumberland*, which has been since by other Witnesses confirm'd.

Col. And, Sir, to convince you that even the Doctrine he has broach'd could never flow from the pure Fountain of our Establish'd Faith; here are Affidavits in my hand, that prove him under his Disguise a lurking Emissary of *Rome*, that he is actually a Priest in Popish Orders, and has several times been seen, as such, to officiate publick Mass in the Church of *Nostre Dame* at *Antwerp*.

Mar. Heart. and Lady W. How!

Sir John. I start with horror, even at the Danger I am freed from.

Col. And now, Sir, had not your insatiate Villanies to this Family forc'd me to this close Inquiry into your private Life, perhaps you might have pass'd unquestion'd, among the Rout of Enemies, whom our Government despises.

Doct. Well Sir! now then you know your worst of me: But know, what you call Criminal, may yet before your Triumph is secure, not only find its Pardon, but Reward: I yet may live, Sir, to retort your Insult, at least the Days that are allotted me, will want for no Supports of Life, while this Conveyance calls me master.

Sir John. There! there indeed he flings me to the

Heart ! For that rash Act, Reproach and endless Shame will haunt me.

Mar. No, Sir—be comforted ! for even there too his abandon'd Hope must leave him.

Sir John. Why dost thou torture me ! Did I not sign that Deed !

Mar. Yes, Sir, but in that Deed you'll find my Brother, not that Traytor, is your Heir : For know, the fatal Deed which you intended, Sir, to sign, is here even yet unseal'd and innocent.

Omnes. Ha ! *{ The Doctor hastily opens the Deed to examine it, and all the Company seem surpriz'd.*

Sir John. What means she ?

Mar. I mean, Sir, that this Deed, by accident falling into this Gentleman's hands, his generous Concern for our Family discover'd it to me ; when I, reduc'd to this Extremity, instantly procured that other to be drawn exactly like it, which in your Impatience, Sir, to execute, pass'd unsuspected for the Original : Their only difference is, that wherever here you read the Doctor's Name, there you'll find my Brother's only, throughout, and wholly, Sir, in every Article investing him in all that Right and Title, which you intended for your mortal Enemy.

Doct. Distraction ! Outwitted by a brainless Girl.

[Throws down the Writing in a Rage. All the Servants having attended to the Discovery, break out into Huzza's of Joy, &c. while Sir John, the Col. Charles, and Maria severally embrace : Heartly, and Lady Woodvil silently join in their Congratulations.]

Doct. I cannot bear their irksome Joy—Come Sir, lead me where you please—a Dungeon would relieve me now.

Col. Secure your Prisoner.

Ser. Huzza ! a Traytor ! a Traytor !

[Exit Mess. Soldiers, Doctor, and Servants.]

Mar. Now Heartly, I hope I have made atonement for your Jealousy.

Heart. You have banish'd me—This was beyond your self surprizing.

Col. Sister—



Mar. Come no set Speeches, if I deserve your Thanks, return them in a Friendship here. [*Pointing to Charles.*]

Col. The business of my Life shall be to merit it.

Charles. And mine to speak my sense of Obligations.

Sir John. O my Child! for this Deliverance, I only can reward thee here. [*Gives Maria to Heartly.*] For thee my Son, whose filial Virtues I have injur'd; this honest Deed in every Article shall be ratified: I see your Eyes are all upon me, expecting from that vile Traytor's Practices, some voluntary Instance of my Heart's Conversion; I must be blind indeed, were I not now convinc'd he must in all things have alike deceiv'd me, as the Dial that mis-tells one Hour, of consequence is false through the whole round of Day. Let it suffice, I see my Errors with a conscious Shame; but hope, when I am justly weigh'd, you'll find those Errors rose but from a ductile Heart, not dis-inclin'd to Truth, but fatally mis-led by false Appearances.

Col. Whoever knows your private Life, must think you, Sir, in this sincere.

Heart. And now Sir, since I am sure, it will no more offend you, give me leave to observe, that of all the Arts our Enemies make use of to embroil us, none seem so audaciously preposterous, as their insisting, that a Nation's best Security is the Word of a Prince, whose Religion indulges him to give it, and at the same time obliges him to break it: And tho' perhaps in lesser points our politick Disputes won't suddenly be ended, methinks there's one Principle, that all Parties might easily come into, that no Change of Government can give us a Blessing equal to our Liberty.

*Grant us but this, and then of course you'll own,
To guard that Freedom, GEORGE must fill the Throne.*



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

HOW Wild, how Frantick is the vain Essay,
That builds on Modern Politicks a Play!
Metbinks to write at all, is bold enough,
But in a Play to stand a Faction Buff!
Not Rome's old Stage presum'd, (or Fame's a Fibber)
And Moderns to attempt it! well said CIBBER!
Was't not enough the Criticks might persue him!
But must he rouse a Party to undo him!
These Blows I told him on his Play would fall,
But he unmov'd, cry'd——Blood! we'll stand it all;
When PRIESTS turn TRAYTORS, where's the mighty matter?
Since when has Treason been exempt from Satyr?
And should from Guilt a factious Clamour rise,
Such Spite must speak them England's Enemies:
But if Old England's Friends allow 'tis right,
We are sure their Power can chase the Jacobite,
And put their Malice, like their Troops, to flight.
As for the Criticks, those, he owns, may teize him,
Because he never took such Pains to please them,
In Time, Place, Action, Rules by which old Wits
Make Plays, as——Dames do Puddings, by Receipts:
But hopes again ev'n Rebels cannot say,
Tho' vanquish'd, they're insulted in his Play:
Nay more——To set their Cause in fairest light,
He has made a Man of Sense——A Jacobite!
(Tho' by our Bard's good leave, to take it right,
His Sense was shewn, when turn'd from Jacobite.)
Thus too the Fair, that may be wrong inclin'd,
He hopes to CHARLES's Passion will be kind,
And own, at worst, on their reflecting Pillow,
The Rebel, after all's, a pretty Fellow!
But why, you'll say, was I made HEARTLY's Wife?
Consider fair ones, HEARTLY sav'd his Life:
So that you see, the Boy ban't quite miscarried.
Beside——
Are all those Dears so happy you have married?
How often, in that State, has Love seen Elves
So cramm'd with Comfort, they could hang themselves?
The worst you can against his Satyr plead,
Is, that my Lord of THETFORD's hang'd indeed:
If that seems hard, why grant him your Reprieve,
And by an Act of Grace, let this NON-JUROR live.



